



PERCE' ROCK.

(Page 20.)

PERCE' ROCK.

(Page 20.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE
Lower St. Lawrence,
OR
Quebec to Halifax,
VIA
GASPÉ AND PICTOU.

To which is appended Mr. Wood's description of
THE RIVER SAGUENAY

ALSO,
LEGENDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,
AND
ALL ABOUT FISHING,
&c., &c.

—
QUEBEC :
PRINTED AT THE "MERCURY" OFFICE.
—
1862.



CARTE DU CANADA



DU CANADA.



THE
LAWRENCE, ST. JAMES

OR

Quebec to Halifax

AND

PICTURE AND PHOTO

Entered, according to the Act of the Provincial Parliament, in the year One thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, by G. T. Cary, in the office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada.

ALSO

THE ST. LAWRENCE

AND

ALL ABOUT FISHING

AND

QUEBEC

PRINTED AT THE "MERCANTILE" OFFICE

1862

only junction at present between the North
American Provinces, and to ensure it not to
inform the traveller and stranger making a
similar trip.

PREFACE.

The letters descriptive of a Trip to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, here collected, are only notes hurriedly made by the writer after returning from a tour undertaken for the benefit of his health, and were never intended for publication in their present shape. Induced, on account of the increasing popularity of the route, and improved means of travel, to send the first letter to "The Mercury," the second soon followed, and then another, till at length they became a series, since thought likely to be of some general utility in this form; and one or two gentlemen having kindly contributed sketches of interest, a Handbook is now offered to the Public, which, while bringing under notice, for the first time in print, it is believed, many of the localities referred to, may serve to extend the character of the

only junction at present between the North American Provinces, and to amuse if not to inform the traveller and stranger making a similar trip.

The latter is a copy of a trip to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, here collected, and only notes hurriedly made by the writer after returning from a tour undertaken for the benefit of his health, and were never intended for publication in their present shape. Indeed, on account of the increasing popularity of the subject, and improved means of travel, to send the first letter to "The Montreal" the second soon followed, and then another, till at length they became a series, since thought likely to be of some general utility in this form, and one or two contributors having kindly contributed sketches of interest, as Handbook is now offered to the public, which, while bringing under notice, for the first time in print, its believed many of the localities referred to, may serve to extend the character of the

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page.
Steamers for Gaspé, Shediac and Pictou.....	9
Railway from Shediac to St. John, N. B.	10
The steamer Lady Head where built, &c.....	12
Stage from Pictou to Truro.....	"
Railway from Truro to Halifax and Bay of Fundy.....	"
Scenes and places passed on the St. Law- rence.....	14
Gaspé.....	15
The Fishing trade, lead, copper and coal oil.....	16
A royal party from Mingan.....	17
Features of the Gaspé coast.....	18
View of Cape Chat, Gulf of St. Lawrence.....	19
View of Percé Rock..... (Vignette)	
Baie des Chaleurs, Paspébiac and Dal- housie.....	21
Chatham and Shediac.....	22
Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island....	24
Pictou and the coal mines.....	28
Stage Coaches for Truro in the interior..	31
Truro and the railway to Halifax.....	36
Lakes and the junction from Bay of Fundy	39
Halifax.....	40
London Times account of River Saguenay	44

	PAGE.
View of Capes Trinity and Eternity	44
Legendary Lore of the St. Lawrence.....	54
Bird Rocks.....	55
Mingan.....	59
Anticosti.....	61
Plateau Island.....	62
Perey Rock.....	63
Cap d'Espoir.....	66
Red Island Reef.....	67
Islet au Massacre (Bic,).....	73
Baie des Rochers.....	75
Cape au Diable.....	76
Goose and Crane Islands.....	78
Country-seats around Quebec.....	85
Spencer Wood.....	89
Historical reminiscences.....	91
Where, when and how to go Fishing.....	98
Lakes and rivers near Quebec.....	99
Cacouna and Lake St. Cimon.....	101
The Saguenay, Tadousac to Grand Bay ..	"
Salmon fishing.....	102
Godbout, Marguerite—Seven Islands	103
The Mingan and Natashquan.....	104
Anticosti, Gaspé and Bay Chaleurs.....	105
Sea-trout, Cape Sable to Labrador.....	106
The Isle of Orleans.....	111

PLEASURE TRIP TO THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

*The Bathing Places—Fine Scenery—Cape Chat
—Prince Alfred aboard—The Pierced Rock—
Fishing Bays—Coast towns—Charlottetown—
The Prince returns to his Ship—Pictou—Down
in the Coal Mines—Stage Coach over Mount
Tom to Truro—Railway jaunt to Halifax—
The Return.*

{ Steamship "Lady Head,"
{ Off Anticosti, 17th July, 1861.

MR. EDITOR,—For a delightful and invigorating trip let me commend to your readers the eastward tour by the Lady Head or the Arabian, both vessels sailing from Quebec on the alternate Tuesdays for the lower ports, touching first at Gaspé and lastly at Shediac, and the former going to Pictou, and reaching the latter point on Saturday, after due allowance for ordinary detentions on the way, and returning to the city on the following Saturday in time to deliver mails on board of the outward going steamship for England.

Those persons who do not care to return by the same route, or whose business or pleasure fix their destination elsewhere, can take the "European and North American Railway" cars at Shediac for St. John, New Brunswick-trains running both ways twice a day and getting through in five or six hours, the length of the road being 108 miles. This line comes down to the end of the wharf, for the convenience of the shipping which furnish its chief traffic. Passengers have therefore but one step to make and they are on as excellent a line as is to be met with on the continent.

At Pictou again a regular, comfortable and speedy communication is kept up by mail coaches to Truro, distant 40 miles, and thence to Halifax by the "Nova Scotia Railroad," which connects Halifax with the northern coast by the main line to Truro, distant 61 miles, and with the Bay of Fundy by the Windsor Branch leading to Windsor, distant 45 miles. The time occupied in the overland transit from Pictou to Halifax is less than twelve hours, of which one hour is spent at Truro, an exceedingly pretty location, where the change from stage to rail, or vice versa, takes place, and a good meal may be had. The fare between the extreme points, four dollars, is certainly reasonable.

Bidding adieu to Quebec on Tuesday at four p.m., (after having taken the precaution to call at Mr. Buteau's office, near the wharf at the foot of St. James street, and secure our berths several days in advance,) we were agreeably surprised to find among the passengers a large proportion of townspeople, including a sprinkling of fair ladies destined for the bathing resorts below Riviere du Loup. There were three or four priests going to the country missions, and two nuns on their way to Charlottetown. The presence of agreeable friends adds to the enjoyment and benefit of a trip of this duration, whether the voyage be made for health or for pleasure, or business alone.

As soon as the last bell had sounded and friendly escorts had got off the steamer, we found those ladies and gentlemen remaining aboard were numerous enough to occupy almost every available berth in both cabins. It is but right to say the first movement of the vessel entirely dispelled our prejudice against the screw, the engines driving her steadily through the water at the rate of twelve to thirteen miles an hour. In a short while the prepossessing face of the engineer, Mr. Barbour, who with Captain Davison the present Master of the steamer, superintended her con-

struction in the celebrated yard of Napier at Glasgow, induced us to descend to the engine room. Like the rest of the ship, everything around and about the furnaces and boilers is constructed of iron, and iron galleries and stairs enable the visitor to inspect the works with perfect safety at all hours of night or day, during the progress of the vessel. The engines are different from those of our other river or lake steamers, being on the oscillating principle, so called from the cylinders rocking to and fro, so as to accommodate themselves to the motion of the crank by which the shaft or axis of the screw is made to revolve. This peculiarity is discernible even looking from the main deck, but the high finish of the whole machinery, which has never needed repair since it was first made, entitles it to a closer inspection, and gives full confidence in the safety of the vessel. A friend of ours, experienced in such matters, pronounces the Lady Head decidedly stronger in construction and a superior sea-going steamer to either of her larger companions, the "Queen Victoria" or the "Napoleon." Captain Davison brought her across the Atlantic, in seven days and six hours from land to land, and his qualification for her command may be inferred when we

state that he has spent his days on the water for the last five and twenty years. He is, further, a native of Pictou.

We had a full complement of steerage passengers on the forward deck, between thirty and forty. Several were ship-carpenters, sent down with materials to Gaspé Basin, to aid in putting in order a ship there that had suffered damage. Others were Norwegians, to be followed next trip by more, arrived out in the same vessel from Europe, but too numerous to be taken all at once, more especially as "the sailor prince" was to join our passengers at Gaspé, on his way to Prince Edward's Island,—a slight deviation from the usual course before making the last port, Pictou. The next of the notable forward passengers was a venerable warrior in the person of a color-sergeant of the Royal Canadian Rifles, destined with his family to land at Charlottetown, where the rumor runs that the barracks hitherto vacant are about to be occupied by two companies of troops.

Forgetting till under weigh, that several of our party, as Canadian citizens, were stockholders in the ship, we soon had the pleasure of cracking a bottle of claret to the success of the trip, and to our noble selves in particular.

I note this to indicate that due provision is made for the comfort of "the inner man," and a want expressed is at once supplied.

The oft described scenery in the vicinity of Quebec may be safely omitted here, considering the extent of the map we have yet to pass over. Montmorenci was glanced at, the city soon lost to view, the channel south of Orleans passed by, the islands below it to "the Pillars," the revolving light on that rock; and finally the double light off St. Paul's Bay, closed the first day's observations.

The second day, we passed Bic, and Rimouski, then Father Point, Metis and Matane. About sunset Pointe des Monts, the last head land visible on the north, was seen fading away in the distance amid beautiful white rolling clouds, which feathered the northern horizon. The lofty cliffs of the south coast line are hereabouts the chief object of attention. Several beautiful sketches might be made, as bay after bay is disclosed to view, though the speed of the steamer changes the outlines of the picture as fast as they can be drawn. With but few exceptions the hills are everywhere clad in green from base to summit, and though presenting no striking feature, the diversity of their positions and elevations at many points

especially near the mouths of the various little rivers, is remarkable. At one place, off the Gaspé coast, a range of lofty hills or mountains runs in line with the shore, a second range considerably higher and more distant than that outside, while away inland, rises a still loftier range overtopping both the others. On a rather rugged portion of the face of the highest and furthest of this triple row, a narrow cataract of foaming water resembling a monument of snow, capping the intervening fire-topped hills, puzzled us to decide its real character. Again and again it was hid as we moved, till at the last glance with a good glass, it was decided to be a perpendicular thick vein of quartz, of which numerous horizontal thin veins were observed on each side. The effect of this extraordinary natural phenomenon was very beautiful amid the surrounding scenery, though it would require very clear weather as on this occasion to attract special attention.

The first landing place, Gaspé, or rather the entry thereto was reached on Thursday the 11th, at 3 a. m. The firing of the steamer's gun and the bustle and noise of preparing to land roused most of the passengers, many of whom were anxious to see the Basin.

The extent of the fishing trade in this neighborhood alone may be imagined when we state that Messrs. Robin & Co., of Gaspé Bay Chaleur, have 17 schooners and 154 fishing-boats afloat, and employ 3,500 men in their fishing operations. Another firm, Messrs. Bouthillier Bros., have 12 vessels, and 169 boats, and employ 2,500 men.

Within the last three months, something over 500 vessels have visited Gaspé Basin, while 44,676 acres of land have been sold in that district, since the establishment of the Free Port. Over 400 Norwegian emigrants have arrived in the course of the season, direct from Norway, and have settled in different localities throughout the county. Another vessel is expected to arrive this autumn with two hundred settlers. Several new and extensive wharves are in course of construction at the Basin, while a number of others have been projected. Houses and stores are being erected everywhere, thus giving the most satisfactory and convincing evidences of progress and prosperity. The lead mine, in the county, has become the property of a number of Norwegians, one of whom was formerly employed in the silver-mines of Kongsberg. Their researches have been extremely successful;

quite a number of rich veins of lead ore have been discovered ; and there is every indication of a valuable deposit of the metal. Traces of copper are numerous and seem to indicate that it may be found in considerable quantities. The oil wells are the scene of active operations, and works of considerable magnitude are now progressing with a view to facilitate the working of this great natural wealth.

Prince Alfred's ship, the provincial steamer "Queen Victoria," hove in sight before 5 o'clock, proving that the example of his his royal mother's noted punctuality to time in observing engagements, has not been lost on her children. The "Queen Victoria" steamed steadily along the bay, giving us time to land and receive passengers and freight, before she got fairly in. She then came alongside of us, and the Prince and his governor, Major Cowell, with the Governor General, Col. Byng, &c., were seen on deck.

We learned that the fishing excursion of the distinguished party to the Mingan had been highly successful, and that the sailor prince caught both the first and last of the piscatory "kings" taken during the sojourn. They encamped in the woods with but two attendants, and went to the boats early every morning for

five or six days, taking trout, salmon trout and salmon, in fair quantities. The Governor caught thirteen in all; and, that being the largest number taken by any one of the party, the Prince persevered till his take approached within two of the number, and on the day of departure, he squared the account by capturing the other two. The party suffered much from fly bites, but the weather throughout their stay was, with a few hours' exception, magnificent. On leaving the Mingan river and Islands, the Queen Victoria steamed directly south, rounding Anticosti, and at West Point, *en passant*, the party dropped lines with pork bait to attract the attention of the cod fish that abound in this region. A quarter of an hour or thereabouts was thus spent in vain, and, darkness coming on, the steamer was ordered to proceed. His Royal Highness looked the picture of health as he came aboard the Lady Head; on shaking hands with the Governor to bid him farewell, tears were observed to come into the boy's eyes, showing his kindly disposition.

En route from Gaspé to the Baie de Chaleurs, the coast presents numerous interesting features, the first and most prominent of which

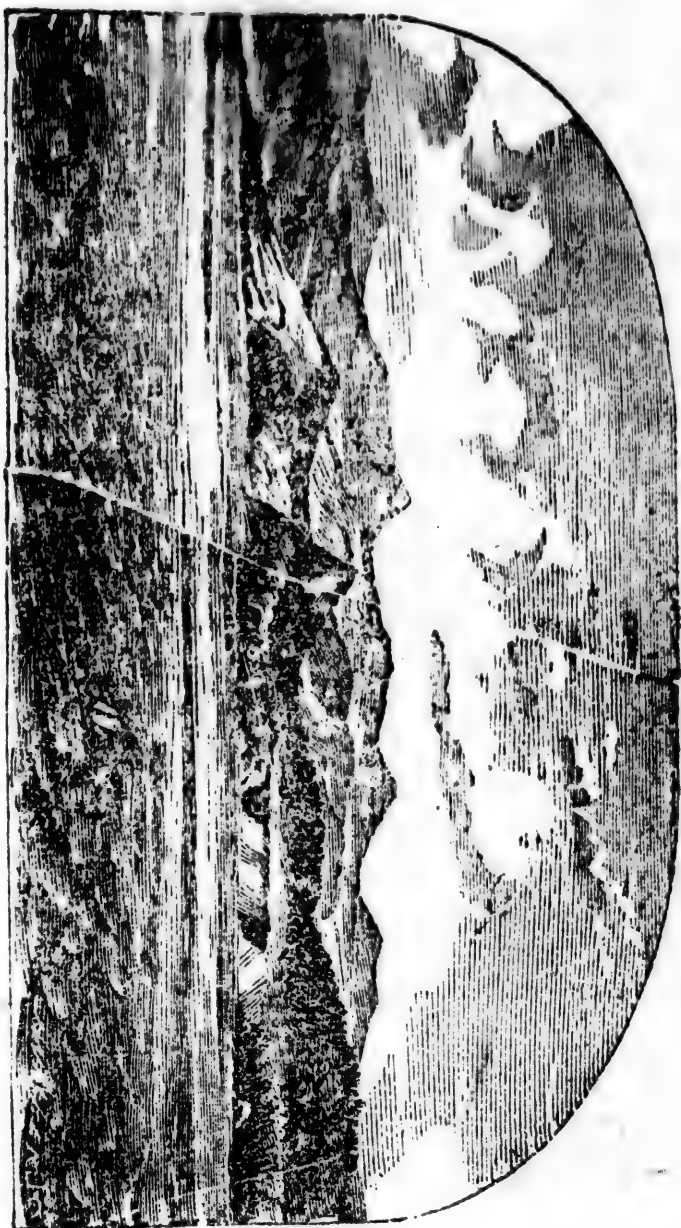
is the headland west of Gaspé Bay, which terminates in a perpendicular cliff overhanging a lofty column of rock, styled "The Old Woman." Its outlines are more distinguishable on coming out of the bay than on entering it. Proceeding eastward and keeping close to the shore, the steamer passes a long low line of shore, faced with red sandstone, indented in various ways by the sea. And outside of the channel, we moved by a beautiful little island, formed entirely of the same material, and worn by the water into the shape of urns or sarcophagi; in some parts the superincumbent masses being upheld by but a narrow neck that must soon yield to the friction of the angry waves. The variously marked shores thus give a slight indication of the remarkable formation next about to be witnessed.

Two sketches accompany this letter. The first was taken off Cape Chat, which we thought of sufficiently striking a character to put on paper; it also serves as a kind of half-way mark between the familiar resort, River du Loup, and the next stopping place Gaspé, and is, besides, right opposite Pointe des Monts, the last north land seen, where the river widens into the Gulf. The second represents the Percé Rock, which is a curiosity of itself worth mak-

ing the trip down from Quebec to see.

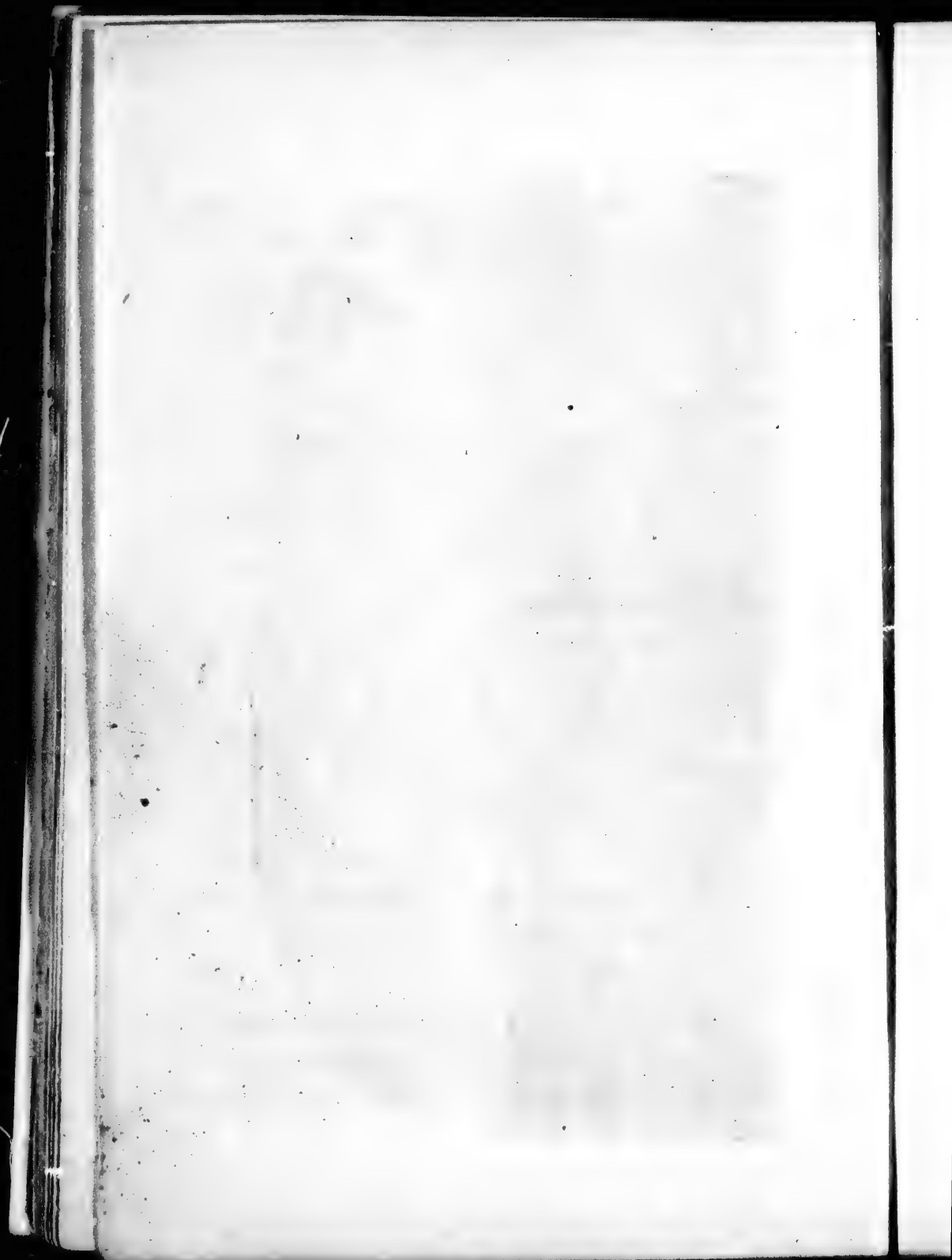
Percé is so named from the pierced rock in front of it. Just before the steamer's gun fires to warn the inhabitants of our approach, the traveller's attention is attracted to the numerous caves in the sandy cliff lining the shore, and soon after there stands right across the vessel's path a massive, upright, square looking rock, some five hundred feet in length and probably half as high, with a natural open archway leading clear through its outer extremity and showing the water's surface for half-a-mile on the other side! This is called Percé rock, and it was formerly pierced in a second place, but the upper part of the arch gave way, and fell with a tremendous noise, about seven or eight years since, leaving a great gap by which the outer extremity of the island was severed from the rest, and now stands shielding its parent from the force of the breakers.

Bonaventure Island, about five miles in length, is a large and well settled island, facing the village of Percé. The channel between it and the main land is apparently not much over a couple of miles in width. The steamer, after rounding the Percé rock, kept inside of Bonaventure Island and followed the line of shore southward to the next landing



CAPE CHAT.

((Page 20.))



place. After leaving Percé the land lies low, and no mountains skirt the river till the Bay de Chaleurs is fairly entered.

Paspebiac is reached in a short time after leaving Percé, and, judging by the prospect afforded from the steamer's deck, it is undoubtedly a most agreeable spot to choose for a summer stay. The land rises from the Bay, and the habitations form a continuous line for several miles, all equally distant from the shore and all commanding a cheerful view of the doings along the bay and its margin. Its harbour is formed by a long spit running out into the Bay, and making a natural break-water. Three or four vessels were at anchor here—one of them an American.

The weather was fine and we saw both shores as we steered westward up the Bay, towards Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Restigouche River, where a considerable lumber trade is carried on. About a dozen ships were anchored here, taking in timber for the European markets, and we met three going out and two coming in, one of them a Norwegian ship waterlogged.

Just as the Prince was approaching Dalhousie, a heavy fall of rain set in, and as darkness was coming on, the Captain made

a very brief stay. We landed a number of passengers and a large proportion of our freight, principally flour, at this place.

On nearing Dalhousie in fine weather, two interesting objects are presented to view, which we did not descry on the first visit, owing to thick and rainy weather; one is a tall and remarkable column of rock on the east side of the river, called "the Old Woman," standing on the beach about high water mark; it had a comrade, "the Old Man," which has gone from the scene; the other is an obelisk erected on the plateau above, marking the resting place of a naval commander.

Chatham, on the Miramichi River, is the next stopping place. Here an honest old Briton, Mr. Bowser, has a nicely situated and neatly kept hotel. After looking round this town, Prince Alfred was escorted to the nearest ship yard, where a comely looking vessel of 800 tons burthen had just been launched and named in his honor, "*The Sailor Prince.*"

At Chatham we procured a beautiful large salmon, fresh out of the water for a dollar, and this being the head quarters of the smoking business, several of the passengers rushed to Mr. Kent's, the agent of the company, and laid

in a store of luscious looking smoked salmon at half of the Quebec prices.

We reached Shédiac on Saturday at 10 a.m., and taking a local pilot on board,—which it appears the law here insists on,—we were soon at the wharf. The sight of the railway cars alongside of the steamer gave token of a higher civilization and greater trade than we had seen at any of the other calling places. The cars leave here twice a day for St. John, 106 miles due south west. Shédiac is the only point at which the Quebec and Halifax Railway will touch this coast, after which it will take an inland curve leading west, and then northwards, towards Trois Pistoles, on the St. Lawrence. A well constructed branch of the great inter-provincial railroad is running here, and the actual existence of so important a link for military purposes should be an additional inducement to the home government to carry out the long talked of Railway, and secure to Quebec a winter communication with the sea board through British territory. The present aspect of American affairs makes this subject of paramount importance.

There was a special train sent round from the town (which is two miles further up the river) with a deputation of the authorities, in-

viting Prince Alfred to take a run round and see the mills, &c., and guaranteeing his return to the steamer within half an hour. The invitation was declined owing to the anxiety of His Royal Highness to reach Charlottetown before dark. The cars on this line, the "European and North American Railway" as it is called, are exceedingly neat, substantial and well finished, without as well as within; the locomotive too had a new and solid look about it—the motto on its front struck us as appropriate—" *Spem reduxit.*"

The intended debarkation of Prince Alfred at Charlottetown gave the passengers on this occasion an enviable opportunity of seeing Prince Edward's Island, in all its glory of mid summer. The sun shone in an almost cloudless sky, and the water was smooth as the Lake of Geneva, while we steamed along the Straits of Northumberland from Shediac. Being out of the line of European vessels bound up the St. Lawrence, the appearance of a sail or two in the offing after dinner brought all the marine glasses on board into requisition, and the announcement that H. M. Ship "St. George" was in sight, appeared to give its "middy" no little gratification.

Charlottetown was reached just ere sun

set. The entrance to this seat of government has quite a charming *entourage* ; and ere the moorings are made fast, the miniature basin behind is seen to be completely land-locked. The water between the land forms various creeks and channels for lesser craft, and affords, we are told many chances of admirable sport in proper season.

We were astonished at the number of beautiful drives that are to be had : all the public roads are at least sixty feet wide, they intersect the island in all directions, and are shaded with spruce, fir and maple, and at times thorn hedges, or rose bushes, the latter now in full bloom. The roads are easily maintained, and from the nature of the soil they are never *bad*, we were assured, except during heavy rains, when the return of sunshine dries them up rapidly. The land on every side affords evidence of good culture and of fertility ; and the wheat, oats, potatoes and hay were in fully as good condition as in Lower Canada. Numerous settlers however, of former days, retired officers and others of considerable means, have from extravagant ways and little practical knowledge of farming, returned to the mother country and sold or leased their grounds. The

white "*marguerite*" or daisy, abounds here, as it does near Quebec, gratifying the eye by its look, and the sweet air issuing from the woods was also agreeable. We remarked a settlement of negro families bordering on the grounds of government house.

The French language is but little spoken here, save among the Acadian settlers and their isolation from their compatriots is leading to the adoption of all manner of absurd and ungrammatical expressions, such for instance as using the word *chevaux* invariably whether to signify the singular or plural, and substituting the English word plough for *charue*; and many like arbitrary and amusing fashions. The pronunciation of the names of several of the most respectable families, in Charlottetown, we thought equally curious—Deblois so spelt, is anglicised into *Debloyce*, and Desbrisées into *Des-breezes*!

Prince Edward's Island is well settled, and possesses a good soil, fit for all general purposes. The climate is commonly healthy and temperate, and not subject to such frequent and heavy fogs as Newfoundland and the adjacent coast of Breton and New Brunswick generally are, nor yet to the sudden changes of weather experienced elsewhere. The winter sets in here about the middle of December,

and continues until April, during which period it is colder than in England; usually a steady frost, with frequent snow falls, but not so severe as to prevent the exertions of the inhabitants in all their various out-door employments. Last winter, the first snow came only at Christmas.

The first appearance of the island, is like that of a forest emerging from the sea; the red cliffs, which are not very high, then appear; the lands are covered with lofty trees, and the sand hills on the northern side of the island are covered with verdure. Vegetation is so exceedingly quick, that in July peas are gathered which were sown in the preceding month. The country is generally level, the highest ridges not exceeding 400 to 500 feet, but generally much lower, especially near the coast, and abounds with springs of fine water, and groves of trees, which produce great quantities of excellent timber. The continuous row of habitations along the south side reminded us of the Isle of Orleans nearer home. The population of the entire island numbers 80,000,—having increased over ten per cent during the last six years.

A fine view of Charlottetown is obtained from the dome of the Province Building, a stately edifice built of free stone, brought

from the neighboring coast. The City Hall, which also includes in its small compass the police station, post office, and engine house, is situated near the former. Admiral Bayfield's and Commander Orlebar's residences, were also pointed out to us. Fresh water is rather a scarce commodity in Charlottetown, and, drainage being yet unknown, the few wells in the place (of which the city has however provided several in the streets) often become unfit for use. Leaving Prince Edward's Island at early dawn, on waking we found ourselves at 6 o'clock, sighting Pictou Island, and entered the harbor of Pictou about seven o'clock on Sunday morning.

Pictou harbour is in every respect the finest on the southern shores of the gulf, capable of containing ships of any burthen; here are coal mines, valuable quarries of building stone, and a finely-settled country in its neighbourhood. Pictou has been declared a free warehousing port, and its trade is very considerable in lumber, coal, as well as fish. The trade of this port appears to be rapidly increasing, and the town of New Glasgow, in the neighbourhood of the coal mines, promises to be of considerable importance. Coasters from all parts of the gulf resort to Pictou, and its exports

have amounted to £100,000 in one season. The town stands on the north side of the harbour, two miles within the lighthouse; the houses are crowded together along the shores of a small bay, but they are hidden from vessels entering the harbour by Battery Point, which shelters them from easterly winds. Most of the dwellings are of stone, and the population upwards of 2000. Opposite the town the harbour expands into three arms, at the heads of which are the east, west, and middle rivers. The Albion coal mines and New Glasgow are up the east river; the other two branches are only used by boats.

The inhabitants of Pictou seem to observe the Sabbath very strictly, and all the churches, which by the way are numerous for the place, attracted last Sunday a fair attendance. The largest congregation is, we believe that of the Kirk, (where a gaelic service is held after the morning sermon,) and the smallest that of the Catholic chapel. The Anglican church is the best situated, being on the high ground at the east end of the town, and has a full congregation.

Hotel accommodation at Pictou is not deficient. Those who put up at Mrs. Taylor's will not fail to commend the neatness and home

look of her house to all their acquaintances seeking the information. The Maine law, however, exists here in all its rigours.

The greatest attraction during a visit to Pictou, is the coal mines ; the journey to them is made by steamboat and the trip including the descent, occupies from half a day to a day. Visitors may descend by the shaft if they wish it, but most persons go down by the inclined road. Every attention is readily paid to visitors by the agent, Mr. Scott, who lives in the company's house above the mines, a spacious and well furnished building. On being handed over to the tender mercies of the inhabitants of the lower regions, a guide with dark face and dingy attire leads the way, with a bull's eye lamp fastened to his cap. You descend a long and winding dirty road till you arrive at three hundred feet below the surface level. The mines are worked every day and sometimes by additional gangs at night. The miners live above ground, and go to and return from their work by the shaft ; a large number of horses are left constantly in the mines to draw the masses of coal from place to place as occasion requires. A cessation in these mines took place some years back owing to the occurrence

of an explosion, when the mine burned so long and so furiously that the river had to be let in to prevent the entire destruction of the supply. At one point the miners close a door behind the visitors and look for a fee of money, making them what is vulgarly styled "pay their footing." Twelve ships were loading coals at New Glasgow at the time of our visit.

The Lady Head burns about 75 tons of coal per trip, and takes as much on board at Pictou, for the return voyage to Quebec. This commodity, it may be imagined, forms therefore no small item in her expenses; at five dollars a ton making nearly two hundred pounds every fortnight.

Determined to effect our original purpose of visiting the capital of Nova Scotia, and learning the nature of the route and the means of reaching Halifax from this point, we called with our Boston friend on Mr. Irving, the agent of Mr. Hyde's line of mail stages and secured seats on top of the coach for next morning at eight.

At "sharp eight" o'clock on Monday morning, the "coach and four," — one of those institutions we read about, but whose day is fast declining, — came thundering up to our hotel door. A comfortable breakfast having been first leisurely disposed of, to put

as in good humour for the day's undertaking, —quickly we were mounted aloft, and the agent, politely instructed the driver to "post us up" in regard to the route, or in other words to give us all the information he could, as we travelled along. Up went the reins, and crack went the long twining whip as we drove down the main street to the other calling places and finally to the post office. We soon found ourselves outside the town and sped up hill and down dale, across bridges, and through the tree branches overhanging the roadways, changing our direction according to the features of the country.

The continued undulation of the land till we reached the mountains, and the return of the same feature on the other side gives an enchanting diversity to the drive. After passing by stone quarries, creeks and islets fringing the Pictou Bay, we follow the bank of a rippling river till its course no longer suits us. Then the road brings us up gentle ascents one after another, amid thriving farms, through fields of waving hay and others dotted with sheep and cattle that are seeking the shade as midday approaches.

The greater part of the road is through open and well settled country, every house look-

ing the picture of comfort and happiness, the fields teeming with rich and thriving crops, and shade trees being liberally and wisely spared to adorn the landscape.

At one moment the coach is making a gentle descent into a recently cleared valley, at the next it rises over a point commanding a beautiful view of a village and meadows draped with elms and other trees and shrubbery in abundance. Then it bounds over a bridge leading to fresh rise and rapid turn in the road. At the rate we are going an overturn seems imminent, with the additional prospect of a roll down a hill of some thirty feet into the fields beneath! The alarm is as soon dispelled by the driver's care and the obedience of the well trained horses who keep in the exact part of the road he wills, while maintaining their regular speed almost without intermission.

The first change of horses takes place at West River, where, at a quarter past ten, after two hours driving from Pictou, we pull up under a lofty gateway alongside the road, and the removal of our four tired horses and their replacing by six fresh ones, is made, all under cover, in a few minutes. Here we found Mr. Hyde's men waiting our arrival,

ready to put the coach in fresh trim for the middle stage, which, from the great ascent is considered the most trying part of the route. We waited some twenty minutes at West River for the eastern mails from Antigonish and other places beyond. Just after starting from this point, a lot of pretty blue jays showed themselves,—we have not seen this handsome bird nearer to Quebec than the St. Francis district. The second stopping place of the coach, reached soon after mid-day, is Salmon River, which we left with four in hand, as at the outset of our journey. Close by the road side near this point is seen the shaft leading to a coal mine ; a large pile of its product is exposed to view, but the locality is too isolated to make the working of the mine profitable.

Near the summit of Mount Tom we met the down coach with sixteen passengers, Mr. Hyde, the enterprising proprietor, on the box, a fine handsome fellow he is and of course, as you know, a Quebecer. He has had this line of stages since the paying times when the British mails were all conveyed overland from Halifax, and the Cunard steamship " Unicorn," ran between Quebec and Pictou.

The grandest view on the road is that obtained from the summit of Mount Tom, look-

ing eastward, with Truro in the distance. The prospect embraces a magnificently clad valley, with every hue of verdure from the snow white daisy fields to the dark pine of the forest ; and, as we viewed it, the endless succession of light rolling clouds—which seem to form continually to seaward for the refreshment of the inland country—dotted the earth's surface with alternate shade and sunshine, adding wonderfully to the contrast of the picture as seen from our elevated position.

The recent rains had at this part interfered somewhat with the level of the roads, which seemed remarkably well kept everywhere ; In descending, we found the residents along the road, turned out in strong parties with horses and carts, picks and shovels, going most earnestly to work, some gathering gravel and stone to fill the new made gullies, and others ploughing up the sides of the road so as to deepen the ditches and thus prevent the recurrence of such damage. Their harmony and goodwill in the matter, we thought, might well be copied in other places.

The road widens as the town of Truro is approached, and the neat white residences with their well kept gardens, give a most pleasing impression to the visitor, that is not

removed by further acquaintance with the place, for, passing over the bridge we turn down an avenue shaded by lofty elms, and soon after gain the heart of the settlement where the same remarkable, cleanly and cheerful air prevails on all sides.

Every house has open ground around it, and in most instances a lawn or flower garden well laid out in front, and even the colleges, and the normal and model schools partook of this agreeable feature. The town is well laid out with broad streets and open squares. It has several elegant private residences in the gothic style, and others planned with much taste. Our stopping place is the Prince of Wales Hotel, where the coach pulls up. A score or so of ladies and gentlemen were here sojourning on our arrival, and the welcome sound of a piano issued from the windows as we alighted, —the first music we had heard for a thousand miles and more.

After three quarters of an hour for lunch and repose at Truro, the traveller is conveyed, by the same coach without extra charge, from the hotel to the depot of the Nova Scotian Railway Company, on the east side of the town. Here we found a large and spacious station, with waiting rooms, telegraph office,

&c. Preparations were going on for considerable traffic. Already a number of passengers were seated in the first and second class cars. A soft whistle from the conductor was the signal for our departure. The line is very even and the cars run with but little unpleasantness of motion, though the grade seems to descend very much at one point. The freight taken in at the various stopping places was, the produce of farms, live stock, and, from the mills, boards. The Anglican Bishop of Halifax was among the passengers, and his lordship had just remarked that we were likely to make good time to-day, as they were taking no bricks for freight, when lo! the conductor's whistle brought us to a stand at a siding where two platform cars of bricks were hitched on from a factory, and not long after another from a similar establishment further down the line. This indicates that the business of these short sections of the great international railway is yet in its infancy.

This line is a good step in the right direction. It is a substantially built, well equipped and carefully managed railroad, under the control of the Provincial Government, and when the scheme for the great highway between the Provinces is carried out, will no

doubt form part of the Quebec and Halifax road being as it is on the approved line between those cities.

A few of the names hereabouts such as "Stewiacke" and "Shubenacadie," are significant as reminding one of the first occupants of the land, though some of the daughters of Nova Scotia accompanying us showed that other people had stepped in since the days of Wacousta; and if the charming girl we saw be taken as a sample of her country women, their features, form and complexion would do credit to any clime. Bazaars and soirees seemed the order of the day along the line, and preparations were making alongside of a church at one place for a grand fête champetre, in aid of the building fund, as we learned. All the houses and places of worship are constructed of wood and invariably painted white.

Half way between Truro and Halifax, is a chain of lakes, which afford a remarkable prospect from the car windows on both sides of the line for a considerable distance, the water sweeping alongside the track to right and left at many places, where the ducks and other wild fowl might have been pelted with stones as we passed, for they did not heed us in the least. Beyond this there is no striking

feature on the road, the line following a barren and rocky district, and affording no idea of the resources of the interior, even at the stopping places, for no prospect was any where to be had that we could see.

Twelve miles at this side of Halifax, a junction is formed with the branch of the railway running to the head of the Bay of Fundy having for its western terminus Windsor, forty miles from the capital, where steamers connect for St. John, New Brunswick.

Had things taken their usual course we should have had an entire day to look at Halifax, but,—though we did not regret the deviation—the delay caused by the Lady Head's going with the Prince Alfred to Prince Edward's Island, shortened our stay in Halifax to one night and that a dark and rainy one. Our allusion to the place must therefore be brief as was our visit.

The capital of Nova Scotia is reached by rail on the south western side, the railway making the circuit of the bay or inner harbor, before arriving at the back of the city where the terminus stands. No view therefore of Halifax is presented by the land approach, and a very different idea of this important place is, we are told, formed by those arriving there in the Cunard or other steamers from seaward. The

streets are nearly as narrow as those of Quebec, and in many respects there is a similarity between the two places, both being shipping resorts and military posts, and likewise situated on eminences. The drive up to the city from the depot, leads to a long dingy suburban street with the dockyard covering most part of the ground on the left, and taverns and antiquated shops, stores and dwellings on the right. On the highest ground here are the military barracks an extensive pile of buildings, counted the finest on the continent or almost unsurpassed in England. They are four stories high and were erected at a cost we believe of \$250,000 by Messrs. Blaiklock and Peters of Quebec. Mr. Peters has now an important contract for erecting a new edifice for the Union Bank of Nova Scotia. The only respectable houses in the business streets are those on the site of a recent fire, which are built of free stone and worthy of any city. The hotels are not numerous, the "Waverly" is the senior, "Stewarts" is another of respectability, but the "Halifax Hotel" is intended to swallow up all the others, and it is indeed "prodigious," its dining saloon is as large as our Music Hall. We saw the residence of "Sam Slick," a gloomy but respectable mansion. The Court House and

Two Cathedrals are handsome structures. The City Hall and an hospital on the high ground are also public buildings of importance. These and the citadel seemed to me to comprise all that could be seen. Vessels of war belonging to the English and French fleets were in the harbor, and an old hulk or hospital ship formed out of a prize of former days, stood prominent in the offing. The entry to the Cunard wharf was about as respectable as our Champlain street. We arrived at half-past eight at night, and had to leave at six next morning, so that our observations here end. To obtain them we chartered an omnibus (!) in the evening, and ordered another in the morning at daybreak; for they appeared the only public conveyances and are cheaply had.

A fortnightly Steamboat communication is kept up between Halifax and Boston by the way of Yarmouth.

Leaving Halifax on Tuesday morning at six, we got to Pictou at five p.m., where the "Lady Head" lies off, waiting for the mail; and, embarking at once, we reached Quebec in four days, calling at Shediac, Chatham, Percé and Gaspé en route.

We omitted, in speaking of the sketch of Cape

Chat, to say that it was there the 1st Regiment of Royals was wrecked in the autumn of 1843, I think, on their way to England.

Not the least pleasing feature of the journey either up or down the St. Lawrence, is the improvements that have been made in the navigation during the past ten years. Substantially built piers, carefully placed beacons, and the most modern kind of light houses, meet the eye at every point where such things are required,—proving not only the solicitude of this, and past Administrations, as to securing the safety of navigation of our inland waters, but also the wealth of the Province itself, from the character of the works that have been so liberally undertaken and carried out.

The establishment of a regular line of steam communication between Canada and the Lower Provinces, is the first link in the chain of connection between them. The intercourse, daily becoming greater, may of itself, apart from political necessity, require an uninterrupted highway of traffic such as a Railroad to Halifax would afford; and who can say, in view of the disruption of the American States, that it may not become, ere long, a matter of imperative urgency still further to cement the bonds

between the British American Colonies, and thus unite them if possible more closely to the Parent State, whose power would be unequalled on this continent were such a Confederacy to be something more than the mere scheme of the reflective politician.

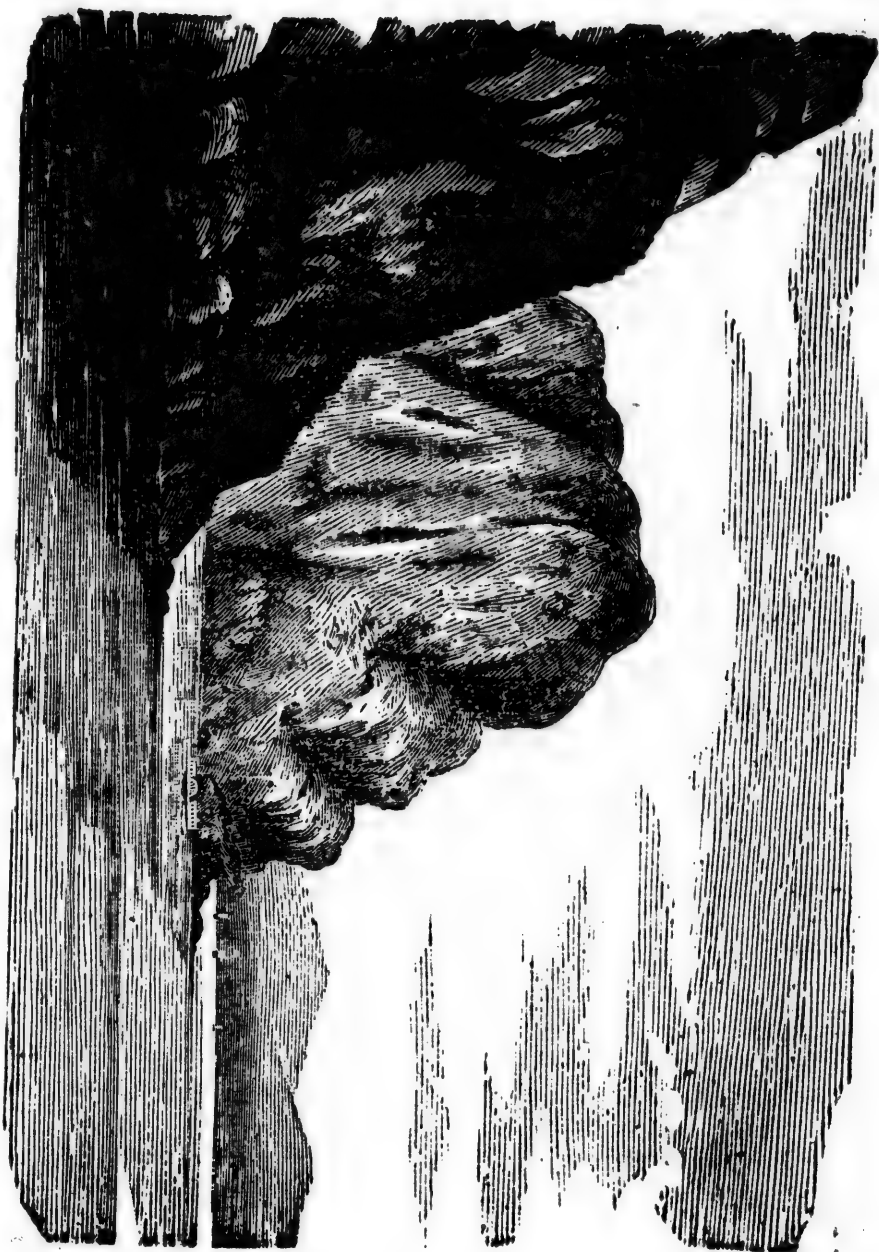
TOURIST.



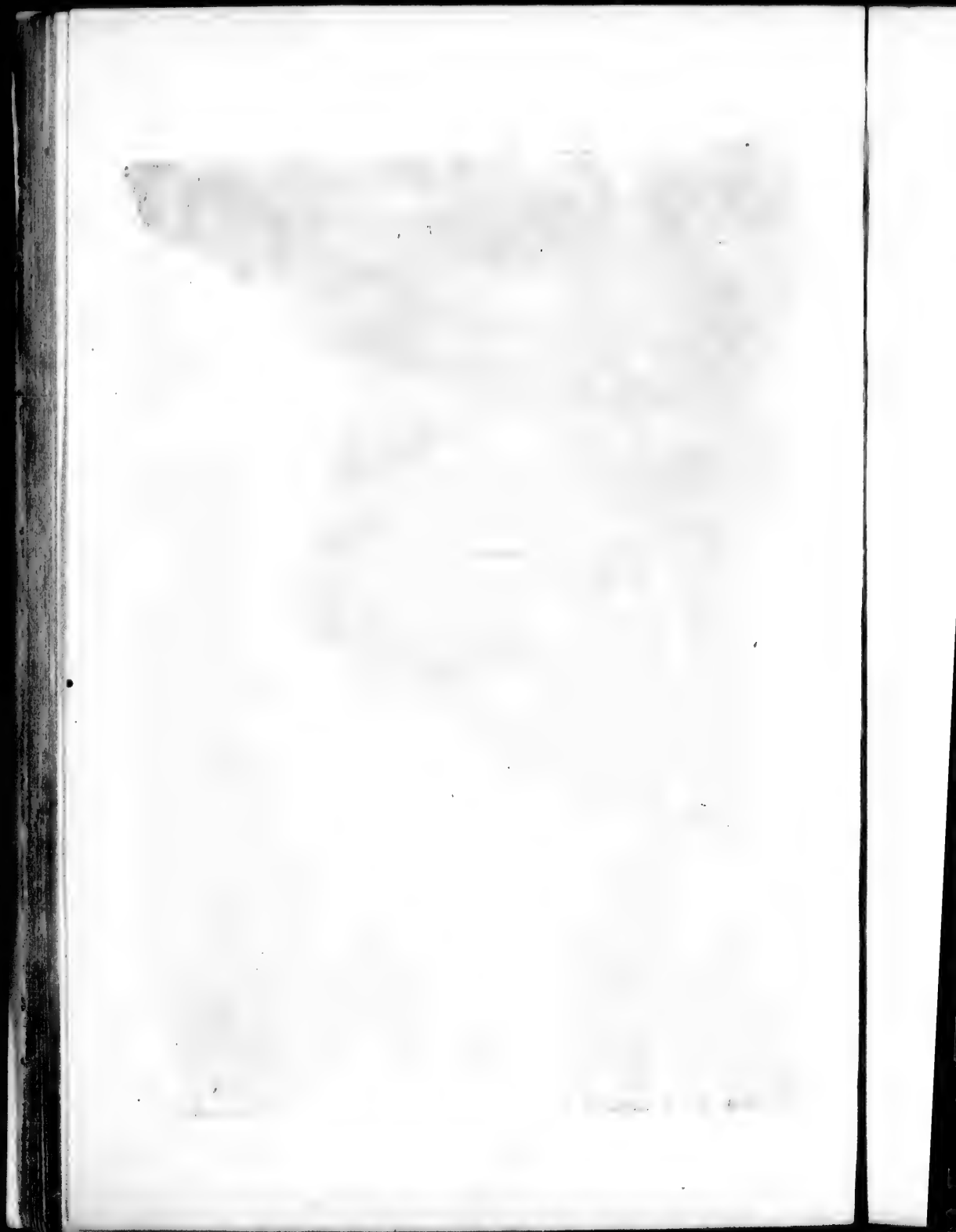
VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE SAGUENAY.

[From Wood's Prince of Wales in Canada.]

The day was about as wretched and unfavourable as could possibly have chanced for any other trip. For a voyage up the Saguenay, however, every one thought it the most appropriate weather that could have happened, and the wonder was that as this was the case the day was not fine. The wind was high and rushing in fierce sharp squalls which drove the rain like small shot in your face. Gloomy black clouds rested on the mountains, and seemed to double their height, pouring over the ragged cliffs in a stream of mist, till, lifting suddenly with the hoarse gusts of wind, they allowed short glimpses into what may almost be called the terrors of the Saguenay scenery. It is on such a day, above all others, that the savage wildness and gloom of this extraordinary river is seen to the greatest advantage. Sunlight and clear skies are out of place over its black waters. Anything which recalls the life and smile of nature is not in unison with the huge naked cliffs, raw, cold, and silent as tombs. An Italian spring could effect no change in its deadly rugged aspect, nor does winter add an iota to its mournful desolation. It is a river which one should see if only to know what dreadful



CAVES "ETERNITY" AND "TRINITY."



aspects Nature can assume in her wild moods. Once seen, however, few will care to visit it again, for it is with a sense of relief that the tourist emerges from its sullen gloom, and looks back upon it as a kind of vault.—Nature's sarcophagus, where life or sound seems never to have entered. Compared to it the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines look cosy and smiling. It is wild without the least variety, and grand apparently in spite of itself, while so utter is the solitude, so dreary and monotonous the frown of its great black walls of rock, that the tourist is sure to get impatient with its sullen dead reserve till he feels almost an antipathy to its very name. Some six miles above is the little town, or, as in England we should call it, village of Tadousac. It is more than 300 years since Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, the bold adventurer, who through his misinterpretation of the Indian word "welcome," gave the present name to the country, landed here. It was almost his first real resting-place, and the first mention which we have of the Saguenay is one which now well befits its savage aspect, for Cartier sent a boat and crew to explore its rocky chasm which were never more heard of. From that day to this the river has had a name which, allowing for the difference of times and creeds, only the Styx can equal. At the mouth of the Saguenay the water varies in depth from ten to sixteen fathoms, but once between the walls of the river and the depth from end to end is never

less than 100 fathoms, generally 150. On either side, at a distance of about a mile apart, the cliffs rise up thin, white, and straight, varying in perpendicular height from 1,200 to 1,600 feet, and this is the character of the river Saguenay from its mouth to its source. On the right bank the cliffs are poorly mantled here and there with stunted pines, but on the left there is scarcely a sign of life or verdure, and the limestone rocks stick up white and bleached in the gloomy air like the bones of an old world.

At two places, St. Marguerite and between Capes Trinity and Eternity, where smaller tributaries pour their contributions into the deep, black stream, a breach occurs in the wall of rocks, as if some giant hand had torn them forcibly back, and left them strewn and baffled of their power in uncouth lumps over the valleys beyond. But these are the only openings, the only means of escape, if they may be so called, from the silent gloom of this dead river. The Saguenay seems to want painting, wants blowing up, or draining; anything, in short, to alter its morose, eternal, quiet awe. Talk of Lethe or the Styx, they must have been purling brooks compared with this savage river, and a picnic on the banks of either would be preferable to one on the Saguenay! On the occasion of the Prince's first visit, on the 14th, the mist and rain hid half its gloom, but more than enough was seen to send the party back to the "Hero" at about five o'clock wet and dull. There was rather a

state dinner on board the flagship that evening, and the Prince, having to be up early the next morning, retired at twelve. Before six a.m. he was again on board the Governor's steamer, and away up the Saguenay to fish. Before he left, Captain Hope, of the "Flying Fish," had received orders to get up steam and take all the officers of the squadron on an excursion up the river. Of course, everybody wished to go, and, as the day was bright and glorious, everybody that could come came. The "Flying Fish" thus had the honour of being the first man-of-war that ever passed up the Saguenay, and if the whole navy of England is sent, I am sure a merrier party will never enter its waters than steamed up on that occasion. Even the Saguenay could not depress their spirits, and if that was not a proof of the zest with which all entered into the day's enjoyment it would be hard to say what was. From St. Marguerite the smart little sloop steamed on to where the wild scenery of the river culminates at a little inlet on the right bank between Capes Trinity and Eternity. Than these two dreadful headlands nothing can be imagined more grand or more impressive. For one brief moment the rugged character of the river is partly softened, and, looking back into the deep valley between the capes, the land has an aspect of life and wild luxuriance which, though not rich, at least seems so in comparison with the previous awful barrenness. Cape Trinity on the side towards the landward opening is pretty thickly clothed with fir and birch

mingled together in a colour contrast which is beautiful enough, especially when the rocks show out among them, with their little cascades and waterfalls like strips of silver shining in the sun. But Cape Eternity well becomes its name, and is the very reverse of all this. It seems to frown in gloomy indignation on its brother cape for the weakness it betrays in allowing anything like life or verdure to shield its wild, uncouth deformity of strength. Cape Eternity certainly shows no sign of relaxing in this respect from its deep savage grandeur. It is one tremendous cliff of limestone, more than 1500 feet high, and inclining forward nearly 200 feet, brow-beating all beneath it, and seeming as if at any moment it would fall and overwhelm the deep black stream which flows down so cold, so deep and motionless below. High up on its rough gray brows a few stunted pines show like bristles their scathed white arms, giving an awful weird aspect to the mass, blanched here and there by the tempests of ages, stained and discoloured by little waterfalls, in blotchy and decaying spots, but all speaking mutely of a long-gone time when the Saguenay was old, silent and gloomy, before England was known, or the name of Christianity understood. Unlike Niagara, and all other of God's great works in nature, one does not wish for silence or solitude here. Companionship becomes doubly necessary in an awful solitude like this, and, though you involuntarily talk in subdued tones, still talk you must, if only to relieve

your mind of the feeling of loneliness and desolation which seems to weigh on all who venture up this stern grim watery chasm.

The "Flying Fish" passed under this cape slowly with her yards almost touching the rock, though with more than 1000 feet of water under her. Even the Middies and youngsters from the squadron were awed by the scene into a temporary quietness. The solemn and almost forbidding silence at last became too much. The party said they had not come out to be overawed, chilled, and subdued by rocks, however tremendous, so it was carried *nem. con.* that, dead and stony as they were, they must at least have echoes, and the time was come to wake them. In a minute after, and Captain Hope having good-naturedly given his consent, one of the largest 68-pounders was cast loose and trained aft to face the cliff. From under its overhanging mass the "Flying Fish" was moved with care lest any loose crag should be sufficiently disturbed by the concussion to come down bodily upon her decks. A safe distance thus gained, the gun was fired. None who were in the "Flying Fish" that day will ever forget its sound. For the space of a half a minute or so after the discharge there was a dead silence, and then, as if the report and concussion were hurled back upon the decks, the echoes came down crash on crash. It seemed as if the rocks and crags had all sprung into life under the tremendous din, and as if each was firing 68-pounders full upon us, in sharp crushing volleys, till at last

they grew hoarser and hoarser in their anger, and retreated, bellowing slowly, carrying the tale of invaded solitude from hill to hill, till all the distant mountains seemed to roar and groan at the intrusion. It was the first time these hideous cliffs had ever been made to speak, and when they did break silence they did it to some purpose.

A few miles further on, the "Flying Fish" passed under Statue Point, where, at about 1000 feet above the water a huge rough Gothic arch gives entrance to a cave in which, as yet, the foot of man has never trodden. Before the entrance to this black aperture a gigantic rock, like the statute of some dead Titan, once stood. A few years ago, during the winter, it gave way, and the monstrous figure came crashing down through the ice of the Saguenay, and left bare to view the entrance to the cavern it had guarded perhaps for ages. Beyond this, again, was the Tableau Rock, a sheet of dark-coloured limestone, some 600 feet high by 300 wide, as straight and almost as smooth as a mirror.

After passing this the interest in the scenery declined, so the "Flying Fish" turned about and made the best of her way down the river at full speed. Passing St. Marguerite the Prince was still busy with his fishing, and a royal salute was fired, the echoes of which, I believe, are still wandering in search of rest to this very hour.

His Royal Highness returned to the "Hero" at about nine o'clock. His sport, owing to the

fineness of the day, had not been very great, as a few small trout were all the whole party had to boast of. Mr. Price hooked a large salmon, and gave it to the Prince to land, but his attempt was not successful. The Prince had not had sufficient practice in salmon fishing to enable him to accomplish that most difficult of all feats to a beginner—that of landing a very large fish with a very small line. It was not for the want of advice, however; there was plenty of *that*. Every one called out what to do, and, as a matter of course, every one suggested a different mode from every body else, so that His Highness was bewildered, and the salmon proved the truth of the old proverb, that “in a multitude of counsellors there is safety;” and, breaking the line, got clear away.

Fishing, however, was not the only sport enjoyed. A party of Indians waited at St. Marguerite with their canoes; and in these the Prince, with the Duke of Newcastle, Major-General Bruce, and other members of the suite, embarked, and ventured down the rapids which pour from that beautiful tributary into the main stream. I had always been of opinion that sitting in a Turkish caique was the most uncomfortable means of conveyance ever resorted to on water; but sitting in a canoe I found was a trifle more difficult still. Nobody but an Indian ever liked a canoe, or felt at ease in it. Its bark is so thin, that the very ripple of the water may almost be felt through it as through a blanket, while in appearance

the effervescence of a bottle of Allsopp would be more than enough to overset it. In reality, however, they are safe enough as long as one keeps perfectly still; and in order to enable them to do this, the seats on which the traveller sits are slung so that the body moves with every motion of the frail little skiff. In one of these canoes the Prince (who seemed to know as little of fear as any man that ever lived) came down the rather angry and boiling rapids of St. Marguerite. They were not, of course, equal to those of the St. Lawrence; but even down these I believe His Royal Highness would have ventured, had he only had a good Oxford crew on whom he could depend to back him.

It was long past daylight ere this pleasant quiet party on the Saguenay gave up their amusement and, re-entering the precincts of the gloomy river, ran quickly down its black channel to the St. Lawrence.

As he came alongside the "Hero," the ship burnt blue lights, and in an instant, as if in rivalry of their pale bright fires, the aurora borealis sprang up into the sky, playing such fantastic tricks of light and vivid colour as shamed all terrestrial illuminations into nothing. The squadron anchored for the night off the mouth of the Saguenay, and at 6 a.m., on the 17th, got under weigh for Quebec. There was rather a fresh breeze and strong tide down the St. Lawrence, so that quick progress was not possible, and at seven o'clock in the evening the vessels anchored at Isle d'Orleans,

twenty miles below Quebec, the first, the oldest, and the strongest of all the cities of Canada.



THE LEGENDARY LORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

BY

J. M. LEMOINE.

Methinks the spirits of the brave,
Who on thy banks have found a grave,
Still linger loath to fly ;
And on the moanings of the gale,
Strange shapes ride forth all cold and pale,
Unseen by heedless eye.

Oft in mine ears hath darkly rung,
Their solemn requiem softly sung,
Mysterious, deep and chill ;
And dying oft, come back again
In sweet, unearthly, ghostly strain,
The mournful night winds o'er the hill.

K. K. K.

The shores and islands of our mighty river, in addition to the interest they awaken as important sources of commercial and agricultural wealth, are invested with no ordinary attraction for the naturalist, the antiquarian, the historian and even the tourist in quest of pleasure or of health.

BIRD ROCKS.

One of the first objects which meets the eye at the entrance of the gulf, is the " Bird Isles,

two rocks, elevated above the water, upwards of one hundred feet: their flattened summits, whose circumference exceed not, each, three hundred paces, exhibit a resplendent whiteness, produced by the quantity of ordure, with which they are covered, from immense flocks of birds, which in summer, take possession of the apertures in their perpendicular cliffs, where they form their nests and produce their young. When alarmed, they hover above the rocks, and overshadow their tops by their numbers. The abundance of their eggs affords to the inhabitants of the neighbouring coast, a material supply of food." So wrote Heriot in 1807. They had, however, been carefully noted and described by the Jesuits, as far back as 1632. Father Paul Lejeune calls these rocks, *Les Colombiers*, (dove cotes,) from the myriads of water fowl which resort to them in the summer months: at the period when he wrote, "birds were so plentiful there, that a boat could be loaded with their eggs in a few hours, and persons ascending the rocks, were liable to be prostrated to the ground, by the clapping of the wings of these feathered denizens."

Dr. Hy. Bryant, of Boston, who visited these rocks on the 21st June, 1860, for ornithological purposes, thus describes them:—"They are two in number, called the Great Bird or Gannet Rock, and the Little or North Bird; they are about three quarters of a mile apart, the water between them very shoal, showing that, at no very distant epoch they formed a

single island. They are composed entirely of a soft, reddish-brown sandstone, the strata of which are very regular and nearly horizontal, dipping very slightly to the S. W. The North Bird is much the smallest, and though the base is more accessible, the summit cannot, I believe, be reached, at least, I was unable to do so; it is the most irregular in its outline, presenting many enormous detached fragments, and is divided in one place into two separate islands at high water; the northerly one several times higher than broad, so as to present the appearance of a huge rocky pillar. Gannet Rock is a quarter of a mile in its longest diameter from S. W. to N. E. The highest point of the rock is at the northerly end, where, according to the chart it is 140 feet high, and from which it gradually slopes to the southerly end, where it is from 80 to 100.

"The sides are nearly vertical, the summit in many places overhanging. There are two beaches at its base, on the southerly and westerly sides, the most westerly one comparatively smooth and composed of rounded stones. The easterly one, on the contrary, is very rough and covered by irregular blocks, many of large size and still angular, showing that they have but recently fallen from the cliffs above. This beach is very difficult to land on, but the other presents no great difficulty in ordinary weather; the top of the rock cannot however, be reached from either of them. The only spot from which at present the ascent

can be made, is the rocky point between the two beaches ; this has probably, from the yielding nature of the rock, altered materially since Audubon's visit ; at present, it would be impossible to haul a boat up from want of space. The landing is very difficult at all times, as it is necessary to jump from a boat, thrown about by the surf, on to the inclined surface of the ledge, rendered slippery by the fuci which cover it, and bounded towards the rock by a nearly vertical face. The landing once effected, the first part of the ascent is comparatively easy, being over large fragments and broad ledges, but the upper part is both difficult and dangerous, as in some places the face of the rock is vertical for eight or ten feet and the projecting ledges very narrow, and the rock itself so soft that it cannot be trusted to, and in addition rendered slippery by the constant trickling from above and the excrements of the birds that cover it in every direction.

" Since Audubon's time the fishery, which was carried on extensively in the neighborhood of Bryon Island, has failed, or at least is less productive than on the North shore, and I am inclined to think that at present the birds are but little disturbed, and that consequently their number particularly of the Guillemots, has much increased. There was no appearance of any recent visit on the top of the rock, and though after making the ascent it was obvious that others had preceded us, still the traces were so faint that it was several

hours before we succeeded in finding the landing-place. The birds breeding there, at the time of our visit, were Gannets, Puffins, three species of Guillemots, Razor-billed Auks, and Kittiwakes. These birds are all mentioned by Audubon, with the exception of Brännich's Guillemot confounded by him with the common species. No other breeding-place on our shore is so remarkable at once for the number and variety of the species occupying it.

"Of the seven species mentioned, I am not aware that three, namely, the Kittiwake and the Bridled and Brännich's Guillemot, are known to breed at any other place south of the Straits of Belle Isle; of the remaining four, two, the Foolish Guillemot and Razor-billed Auk, are found at many other places and in large numbers; the Puffin in much greater abundance on the North shore, particularly at the Perroquet Islands, near Mingan and Bras D'Or; the Gannet at only two other points in the Gulf, at Percé Rock near Gaspé, which is perhaps even more remarkable than Gannet Rock, but is at present inaccessible; and at Gannet Rock near Mingan, which will soon be deserted by those birds in consequence of the depredations of the fisherman."

Egg Island is memorable on account of the shipwreck and total destruction of the (English) Armada which, under Admiral Walker, in 1711, attempted the invasion of Canada.

THE PERROQUET ISLANDS, MINGAN.

"The Perroquet Rocks at the entrance of the

the Straits of Belle Isle have recently acquired an unenviable notoriety, on account of the wreck of the Steamer Clyde on the 8th September, 1857, and of that of the North Briton, one of the Edmondston Allan line on the 7 November 1861; they form part of the group known as the Mingan Islands, extending down the Channel North of Anticosti from opposite Long Point to the Watscheeshoo Harbor. They are about 454 miles distant from Quebec—18 miles NNW from Anticosti—six miles from the mainland at Long Point, and some nine miles west from the harbor of Mingan, also on the mainland. The distance between them and the sandy spit which here extends across the Mingan channel is very short; and the vicinity of the islands, in a storm from the south-east, is a perfect cauldron of heavy seas and baffling races. These dangerous rocks, although standing up like a cluster of huge flower-pots from the water, are almost totally hidden in darker weather from the vessels driven towards them from the sea, as they are over-shadowed by the highlands on shore and the larger islands near. The melancholy interest which attaches to them as the scene of so many wrecks, throws into shade that pertaining to their natural features. They consist of horizontal layers of limestone piled one on top of the other, larger at the summit than below, and continually fretted away all around their base by the action of tides and waves, and stand there like desolate watchers for some storm-driven craft. The

myriads of puffins, or sea-parrots (pretty little web-footed birds about the size of pigeons, and marked with variegated colors, hard to kill and tough to eat) that burrow up among the angelica roots—the only vegetation there—scarcely redeem the desolate aspect of the place.

“The disaster of the Glasgow steamer was said to have arisen from the want of a light-house on the south-west point of Anticosti. That want has since been supplied, and another cause must be sought to account for the North Briton's mishap.

“Further along, about six miles down the coast, which can be easily travelled on the clear sandy beach, is the Hudson's Bay Company's Post, at the mouth of the famous salmon river Mingan. It consists of two dwelling houses of moderate size, outhouse, and storehouses of capacious dimensions. The Company's agent now residing there is Mr. J. Anderson, a Chief Factor from the Mackenzie River district, and the leader of one of the exploring parties who went in search of Sir John Franklin. His devotion and zeal, and the importance of his labors, are spoken of in high terms by Mr. John Richardson. He penetrated to Montreal Island, and verified and confirmed the first practical tidings of the fate of that devoted band which the late Sir John Franklin led through perils and trials harder to bear than the brunt of battle.”

ANTICOSTI—THE GRANICUS.

In mid channel, lies an island renown-

ed in the annals of marine disaster and tragical shipwrecks, Anticosti,—that barrier thrown directly in the path of ships, with its rocky, inaccessible shores; Anticosti, for many a long year the Island home of the Pirate of the St. Lawrence, Gamache, the bold, and cruel wrecker—

“A man of loneliness and mystery.”

One of those fiendish spirits, whom Byron and Fennimore Cooper delighted to delineate. Curious fossils and petrifications strew the beach, and met with minute attention from Sir William Logan, the Provincial Geologist of Canada, who explored the place in 1843. Recently a party of American *savants* have visited the spot, to scrutinize closely the rocks of this ill-favored coast.

One of the most painfully memorable shipwrecks which took place at the east end of Anticosti, was that of the Brig *Granicus*, stranded there in a snow storm during the fall of 1828. Amongst the living witnesses of the *Granicus* tragedy, can be mentioned Capt. Jesse Armstrong, Harbor Master at Quebec, who having sailed from that port on the 24th Oct., 1828, for the West Indies, was in company with the *Granicus* and a dozen other vessels, at Pointe des Monts a few days before the accident which befel those vessels; the greatest number were cast ashore, some never heard of afterwards. The passengers and crew of the *Granicus*, safely arrived on land, to meet a more hideous and lingering fate.

All perished during the ensuing winter: and when the Government schooner called at the Island in the spring following to stock the light house with provisions, &c., the decayed remains of these unfortunate men were discovered in a rude hut. *They had literally starved to death*: in a pot over a fire place, was found human flesh, revealing the awful fact, that in their last extremity they had resorted to this horrible mode of prolonging life. Amongst the passengers, there was a Montreal lady and her two children.

SHIP HEAD.

Several neighboring objects are well worthy of note. Close to the redoubted reefs of Cap Rosier, formerly stood "Ship Head" or "The Old Woman," as mariners called it—a fantastic boulder surrounded by deep water and looming out in calm weather so as to resemble at times a large ship under sail—a veritable phantom ship; hundreds have been deceived by the optical illusion. This well known land mark has however disappeared and toppled over from its base into deep water; yet a strange configuration of rock still exists near the shore to which the name of "The Old Man" is given.

PLATEAU ISLAND.

A few miles from Ship head, is Plateau Island, which appears to have been, in the time of the French, a resting place for the morse and seal, but merely retains at present

of all its primitive occupants, clouds of sea surf ducks, gulls and other water fowl.

THE GENIUS OF PERCÉ' ROCK.

In the distance one discerns the fanciful rock called Percé Rock, § so often described. At present it is chiefly remarkable as being the breeding place of the gannet, the gull and the cormorant: the white plumage of the gull contrasts agreeably with the verdure which clothes its summit, inaccessible to man.

A romantic story is told by the fishermen residing at Percé, about a phantom having been seen during a storm on the Percé Rock. It is known as "Le Genie de l'Ile Percé," the date of its existence runs beyond the memory of man. It seems difficult to imagine that any living thing, save the snowy gannet, the black cormorant or the silvery gull, should ever have sought a footing on this lofty rock. A German novelist might have considered it a fitting throne for the storm-king, wherefrom rejoicing, he might look defiance at the northern blast. It is likely that the foundation for this legend is about as substantial as, but no more so than, the one which attaches to a point near La Magdeleine, and known to the Canadian *navigateurs* as "Le Braillard de la Magdeleine." It refers, I believe, to some awful shipwreck, which took place, *before the St.*

§ A detailed account of this Rock will be found in *l'Ornithologie du Canada*, by the same writer.

Lawrence was lit and buoyed. A father and mother, amongst crowds of others, here found a watery grave. Their infant son, by some miraculous interposition of his guardian angel, (as a pious old resident informed me,) was safely washed ashore. Whether in this case the guardian angel assumed the form of a Newfoundland dog, or the more orthodox appearance of a winged cherub, tradition has failed to say; the darling boy was safely landed on the pebbly beach, and soon made it vocal with his grief and moans for the loss of his best friends. His infant wailings, blended with the swelling storm, struck the ear of some belated fisherman whose boat was passing the entrance of the river. Hence the name "*Le Braillard de la Magdeleine*;" the noise is still heard in stormy weather, and may be very naturally explained, either by the action of the surf rolling into hollow caverns along the Gaspé coast, and which has astonished all observers, or by shelving rocks over which the waves moan like an unquiet spirit. It would be doing an injustice to my venerable and pious *cicerone*, were I to conceal the fact that she admitted, albeit hesitatingly, that the moanings of the "*Braillard*" might be caused by the action of high winds on two large pines which overhang a neighboring cape, and whose trunks grate ominously on one another. Alas! alas! for the marvellous! Gentle reader, you have your choice of these explanations. When our Canadian Mon-

teil, L'Abbé Ferland,* shall have completed his patient and laborious researches about the primitive times of Canada, one will be able to determine the exact amount of truth and fiction which form the component elements of the legends of the St. Lawrence.*

*The *Soirées Canadiennes* for October, 1861, contain the following passage :—

“ We are, says l'abbé Ferland, opposite the River Magdeleine, famous in the chronicles of the country, for ghost stories connected with it.

Where is the Canadian sailor, familiar with this coast, who has not heard of the plaintive sounds and doleful cries uttered by the *Brillard de la Magdeleine*? Where would you find a native seaman who would consent to spend a few days, by himself in this locality, wherein a troubled spirit seeks to make known the torments it endures? Is it the soul of a shipwrecked mariner asking for christian burial for its bones, or imploring the prayers of the church for its repose? Is it the voice of the murderer condemned to expiate his crime on the very spot which witnessed its commission? . . . For it is well known that Gaspé wreckers have not always contented themselves with robbery and pillage, but have sometimes sought concealment and impunity by making away with victims,—convinced, that the tomb is silent and reveals not its secrets. Or else, is this the celebrated Devil's Land mentioned by the cosmographer

CAPE D'ESPOIR.

Cape D'Espoir, where English vessels met with an awful fate, would also furnish a most harrowing tale, wherein truth would appear still more strange than fiction. It is said that fragments of the vessels were driven by the surf on rocks, several feet over the level of the sea : so violent was the storm. The spirits of the departed are said to be still seen by the mariners at dusk, flitting about the shores ; likely, some of those *Ignes fatui*, which in former days led to the inhabitants of the Island of Orleans receiving

Thevet, where according to him, Roberval (in 1542) abandoned his niece la Demoyselle Marguerite with her lover and with her old Norman Duenna. The ancient chronicler places this land somewhere, in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and relates that after the death of her two companions the Lady Marguerite, had to contend with devils, who under the disguise of white bears, tried to frighten her with their claws and their growls. On this legendary topic, Thevet might have found a match in one of our sailors, who certainly knew naught of the Lady Marguerite, but was particularly well posted in all matters referring to the *Braillard de la Magdeleine*. He felt ill at ease in this neighborhood and whistled for wind, were it even contrary : anything to him seemed preferable to remaining in the vicinity of the *Braillard*. (Log of the schooner Sarah, during her trip from Quebec to Gaspé in 1836.)

from the farmers of the south shore of the St. Lawrence, the unenviable name of "Sorciars de l'Ile d'Orleans," which they retain to this day, says Professor La Rue, of the Laval University. Who can tell however, whether sorcerers were not as abundant in those days, as they were in the time of Robert Burton, according to whom, they were "common enough in every village and have commonly St. Catherine's wheel printed in the roof of their mouth, or in some other part about them" a most useful trade mark, as another writer observes whereby to distinguish the real from the counterfeit article. It is to be hoped the enterprising founder of Bowenville, has excluded from his flourishing settlement at the West end of the Island, all such characters.

RED ISLAND REEF—CAPT. BRULOTTE.

The tourist is requested to cast a glance, as he passes, on that treacherous ledge, called Red Island Reef, so dreaded by inward bound vessels. One of the first who suffered from it was Emery De Caen, who in 1629 on his way to Quebec, then in possession of the English, got his vessel aground on it, in attempting to weather Pointe aux Alouettes. Amongst many memorable disasters, a singular shipwreck occurred there in September, 1846, that of the brigantine Gaspé Packet, owned and commanded by Capt. Brulotte, of Pointe Levi. The reader is aware of the origin of this name : it was called after Henri DeLevis, Duc de Ventadour, a lineal descendant, by the

by, of the Israelite Jacob. A family picture, as one of our historians quaintly tells us, commemorated his patriarchal descent in a manner, no doubt, very gratifying to the family pride.* This old sea dog had for forty years, scanned every creek and shore of the St. Lawrence, from Gaspé to Quebec : he went under the familiar name of the *Doyen des Caboteurs*. Good seaman-ship, honesty, careful and temperate habits, had secured him a large share of public patronage in the way of passengers and freight, ere those magnificent steamships, the Napoleon III and Lady Head had engrossed this lucrative line of business. Many were the good qualities of the Captain of the Gaspé Packet : he had but one fault, a perverse habit of swearing at his crew, on any trivial occasion ; to this might be added another peculiarity which had called forth from his men many unkind remarks. A total abstainer, in theory and practice, Capt. Brulotte had, at an early period of his career,

* "The Levi family pretended having sprung from the patriarch Jacob, by his son Levi. On this point it is related that in a Chapel belonging to the family a painting was exposed representing the Holy Virgin and a member of the Levi family with his hat in his hand. Two inscriptions explained the scene. "Couvrez vous, mon cousin," said the Virgin. "C'est mon plaisir, ma cousine," replies the descendant of Levi. (Cours d'Histoire du Canada, par l'Abbé Ferland, Vol. 1, p. 1, 214.

inaugurated with his usual earnestness of purpose, the principles of total abstinence amongst his crew. In heavy fall weather, when the rigging was stiff with ice, it was a common occurrence to see the worthy Captain stationed amidships, with a kettle of hot tea, ministering to the wants of his sailors after coming down the rigging or taking in sail, a poor substitute for Jamaica rum, as shivering Jack would slyly observe ; and still Dr. Kane's polar experience shows that in extreme cold, warm tea or coffee has decidedly the advantage over ardent spirits as a heat generating agent. Capitaine Brulotte, peace to his ash, as I was the most careful of commanders. Right well, can the writer, then a passenger in the Gaspé Packet recall to memory, his honest-weather beaten features when he paced the deck of his brigantine in 1843, with his marine glass under his arm, and sporting his venerable pea-jacket, a warm friend during many a north-easter, blending in his person the principles of Neal Dow and the good nature of Captain Cuttle.

WRECK OF THE GASPE' PACKET.

The Gaspé Packet had left Percé, with a full cargo ; a brisk easterly wind, gradually freshening into a gale, made the old brigantine fly over the billows like a sea bird. The wind was increasing fast, and as it was the 20th September, the autumnal equinox could not be far off. The mate, on passing Percé Rock had noted the sea fowl clustering in crowds and uttering their loud and discordant clamour on the lofty ledge, as the brigantine

scudded by : a sure presage of an impending storm as he had observed to the captain. Onward came the good ship, until the roaring of the tempest in the rigging, made it necessary to shorten sail ; the main sail and the fore topsail were double reefed accordingly, and every thing was going on smoothly ; the night was dark, it was true, but the wind being fair it was merely necessary to head the ship for Quebec, and forty-eight hours more would see the Gaspé Packet, in its snug harbor. Early next morning the unmistakeable tokens of the coming storm were observed. A drizzly rain drenched every one to the skin ; drifting clouds and the piercing cry of the petrel bade the old mariner to prepare : it was the equinoctial gale, which came howling over the great deep. Presently the sharp voice of the commander was heard, ordering a sailor to go on the bowsprit and clue down some of the tackle which had got loose ; after some fruitless efforts, he informed the master, he could not perform his task on account of the violence of the wind : the captain, with an oath, ordered him to come and take the helm, and sprang forward to secure the tackle. While so engaged and whilst bending over the bowsprit, he was struck by a huge wave which submerged the bow of the Brigantine and the next minute he was seen on the crest of a billow, uttering loud cries for help. The Gaspé Packet was immediately hove to ; an attempt made to lower a boat, but it was swamped and broke adrift. Carried onward by the relentless storm

on went the old Brigantine leaving her trusty commander to his awful fate. After a few struggles, he sank to his long rest ; despair seems to have taken possession of the minds of all on board. Old Brulotte had ever been the soul and leading spirit of the Gaspé Packet ; as ill luck would have it, he had shipped a new crew of very incompetent hands. The shades of evening were closing in ; the weather, hazy and wet, but the wind was still fair ; alas ! for a stout heart and careful eye to pilot the forlorn bark, on her homeward course ! The mate was so awe-struck by the suddenness of the catastrophe, that he very nigh lost his reason : he retired helplessly to the cabin, to pray ; a sailor was placed at the wheel and onward sped the brave vessel. Old Brulotte seems to have had a crew, however well grounded in temperance principles, very superstitious and totally devoid of that self reliance and nautical knowledge for which Canadian *Caboteurs* are so conspicuous. Terror is contagious, and as soon as darkness descended on the troubled waters, down came the steersman and at his heels the *cook*, vowing that a black object, (probably a petrel or cormorant) which they were certain was the captain's ghost, had passed over the brig. One sailor alone seems to have been free from these vain fears, but not being familiar with the coast, he found he was quite bewildered by the rain and darkness and allowed the Gaspé Packet to take her own course, merely keeping her head straight. A few hours

had thus passed, during which some heavy seas struck the vessel, drenching and sweeping her deck and flowing profusely in the cabin, where the mate and rest of the crew were engaged in prayer, when, without a moment's warning a terrific crash was heard and the foremast went overboard: the vessel had struck on Red Island reef: the roar of the surf and the dim outline of the land soon revealed the awful fact. From that moment hope seems to have fled from the breasts of all the crew, except from the sailor who had charge of the wheel. The brigantine had not been stranded many minutes, when a huge wave washed over the deck, inundating the cabin which was rapidly filling. The intrepid steersman rushed below and heard the voices of his fellow men requesting him to join in a vow to *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, the patron-saint of mariners, for their deliverance from immediate death. Whatever may have been his faith in that supreme moment, the brave seaman, considered it as a part of his duty to do his utmost to *help* himself and knowing that the vessel would go to pieces in a very few minutes, he seized hold of one of the hatches, tied himself to it and watching for a coming wave, he allowed himself to float over the side of the ship. Awful must have been his sufferings during that dreadful night. The ebbing tide, in spite of the wind, floated his frail raft towards the north shore of the St. Lawrence and the returning flood then drifted it to the opposite side of the river, where

he was discovered the ensuing morning. Life seemed extinct but some kind-hearted Canadians, after a great deal of exertion, restored the sufferer to consciousness: he was delirious for several days and much emaciated and weak with suffering; he lingered until the following spring, when he died. He alone of all the crew of the Gaspé Packet escaped to relate the details of one of the many shipwrecks which have rendered Red Island reef an object of terror to seafaring men.

"L'ISLET AU MASSACRE."

In the neighborhood of Bic harbour, there exists a small island. For a couple of centuries back it has been known as *l'Islet au Massacre*, Massacre Island. A deed of blood marks the spot: tradition and history furnish the details of the horrible scene. It seems to have occurred thus: Two hundred Micmac Indians were camping there for the night: the canoes had been beached: a neighboring recess or cavern in the lofty rocks which bound the coast, offered an apparently secure asylum to the warriors, their wives and children. Wrapped in sleep, the *Red skins* quietly awaited the return of day to resume their journey: they slept, but not their lynx-eyed enemy, the Iroquois: from afar, he had scented his prey. During the still hours of night, his noiseless step had compassed the slumbering foe. Laden with birch-bark, fagots and other combustible materials, the Iroquois noiselessly surroun

the cavern ;—the fagots are piled around it ;—the torch is applied. Hark ! the fiendish and well-known war-whoop ! The Micmacs, terror stricken, seize their arms, and are preparing to sell dearly their lives, when the lambent flames, and the scorching heat, leave them but one alternative, that of rushing from their lurking place. More fortunate than Pelissier's roasting Arabs, they have at least one egress ; wild despair nerves their hearts : men, women and children crowd through the narrow passage, amidst the flames ; but at the same instant a shower of poisoned arrows mows them down : the human hyena is on his prey ; a few flourishes of the tomahawk from the Iroquois warrior, and the silence of death soon pervades the narrow abode. Now for the trophies : the scalping takes some time,—history mentions but *five* out of the two hundred victims, who escaped with their lives. The blanched bones of the Micmac warriors, strewed the grotto, and could be seen until some years back. This dark deed, still vivid by tradition in the minds of the Ristigouche settlers, is mentioned in Jacques Cartier's narrative.*

* Jacques Cartier obtained his information from Donnacona, the old *Sachem* of Stadacona, and speaks thus :

“ Et fut par le dit Donnacona montré au dit Capitaine les peaux de cinq têtes d'hommes estendues sur des bois, comme peaux de parchemins ; et nous dit que c'étaient des

It is also the subject of a delightful *legende* by M. J. C. Taché, in the *Soirées Canadiennes*.

LA BAIE DES ROCHERS, AND ITS RAVENS.

On the north shore of the St. Lawrence, eight leagues below Murray Bay, is a very lofty cape at a place called *La Baie des Rochers*. On its summit, on which the foot of man never trod, there has existed since time immemorial, in the fissure of the rock, a raven's nest. The surface is an inclined plane, discernible at a distance by the ordure deposited there by the ravens who are daily seen going in and out. It is said on the coast that the first Missionaries of Canada observed it and took a note of it. The late Mr. Nairne,

Toudamans de devers le Su, qui leur menaient continuellement la guerre. "Outre nous fut dit qu'il y a deux ans passés les dits *Toudamans* (Iroquois) les vinrent assailler jusqu'au dedans le dit fleuve, à une isle qui est le travers du Saguenay, où ils étaient à passer la nuit, tendant aller à Honguedo (Gaspé) leur mener guerre, avec environ deux cents personnes, tant hommes, femmes qu'enfants, lesquels furent surpris en dormant, dedans un fort qu'ils avaient fait, ou mirent les dits *Toudamans*, le feu, et comme ils sortaient, les tuèrent tous reserve cinq, qui s'échappèrent. De laquelle détrousse, se plaignant encore fort, nous montrant qu'ils en auraient vengeance."

Jacques Cartier's Second Voyage, Ch. IX.

Seigneur of Murray Bay, informed the writer, that through two old residents of Murray Bay worthy of belief, he had been able himself to trace it back upward of one hundred and fifty years, from their recollections and from those of their fathers. Ravens are quite common in all the Laurentian chain of mountains. The same gentleman has often stated to the writer that the hoarse-croakings of these birds, were a frequent source of amusement to him, although a cause of terror to some of his uninitiated friends, from Quebec, when he travelled in their company through the land route to the Saguenay. One pass in the mountains, the highest and most rugged of all, hewn through perpendicular rocks fifteen hundred feet high, was constantly tenanted by these sable visitors : hovering out of sight, their dismal voice sounded most unearthly. Further particulars will be found in the *Ornithologie du Canada*.

Leaving the tourist to notice several spots interesting for their natural beauty, or hallowed by historical souvenirs of the early times of the colony, I shall next mention *Pointe aux Iroquois*, *Cap au Diable*, and *Rivière Ouelle* (or "*Houel*" as it was formerly called) all of which possess their separate legends.

• CAP AU DIABLE—RIVIÈRE OUELLE. •

Rivière Ouelle was in the 17th century the scene of one of those barbarous tragedies in which the *Iroquois* took a particular delight. The place is called after *Madame Houel*,

the lady of a French *Controleur General*; she was captured with her little son, on their trip from Quebec to Rivière Ouelle: the stirring tale is brilliantly related in one of the "*Legendes Canadiennes*" recently published by the Abbé Casgrain, a young clergyman of Quebec. The Abbé has certainly succeeded in investing Rivière Ouelle, his native parish, with a romantic interest for all lovers of the chronicles of the past. No one who has glanced at the striking *tableaux* representing the career of the Ghoul of the St. Lawrence, (who after all was but a diabolical old Iroquois Squaw), but will admit that this legend is one of the most attractive of the many which cluster round Canada's glorious river. None will leave Rivière Ouelle, without visiting the *three curious and inexplicable snow shoe tracks* deeply incrustated in the solid rock on the beach. Although the tide is doing its utmost to efface those foot-prints, still they are very visible at present. But another singular impression on those same rocks has recently become obliterated: it was the marks of the anterior part of two human feet and hands. Similar snow shoe tracks are apparent, I am told, on the banks of the Jacques Cartier River, thirty miles above Quebec, a spot both beautiful and attractive on account of its scenery, and of its being a celebrated salmon estuary; endeared to the disciples of Isaac Walton, by many a glorious "nibble."

GOOSE AND CRANE ISLAND.

But to return to the Lower St. Lawrence, several miles higher up than Riviere Ouelle, the tourist discovers the verdant beaches of Goose Island, a spot most graphically sketched by the Jesuits in 1663, as being then the inviolate sanctum* and breeding ground of millions of ducks and teal "whose loud voices made the whole island resound, in the summer season, but who kept a profound silence during the spring and summer of 1663, owing to the frightful and continuous earthquakes, which caused the soil to roll and quake to such a degree that Church steeples would bend and kiss the earth and then rise up again!!" * This last feat from its novelty, must have been particularly attractive to witness, from a baloon for instance, or from the deck of a ship, from any where in fact except from old mother Earth.

Goose Island is united to Crane Island by a belt of swampy ground, four miles long: this marsh is covered by the tide in the spring and fall only. M. de Montmagny, then Governor of the colony, obtained from the Company of New France, the grant of Crane Island and of the two Islands (Petite and Grosse Ile aux Oies) which bear the same name, as a shooting ground. The Iroquois, in 1655, made a descent on Goose Island, and murdered M. Moyen and his wife; his children, were carried off as prisoners.

* Relations des Jesuites.

An efficient Game Law would in a few years restore it to what it was formerly : *

* It is really curious to note the care taken both under French and English rule, to protect the game, in these *preserves*. No less than two Ordinances were passed, one in 1731, and the other in 1769, to assure to the Seigneurs of Crane Island the exclusive privilege and right of shooting, granted them by their original title deed.

—Gilles Hocquart.

Sur les plaintes qui nous ont été portées par le Sieur de Touville aide Major des Troupes, Seigneur des Isles aux Oyes, aux Grues, au Canot, Ste. Marguerite et la Grosse Isle, que plusieurs particuliers tant de cette ville, que des d : isle et des côtes voisines s'ingèrent de chasser dans les d : isle, quoique qu'il n'y ait que le *Seigneur qui ait le privilege à lui accordé par ses titres*, à quoi il nous aurait requis de pourvoir, nous faisons très expresses defenses à toutes personnes de chasser dans l'étendue des d : isles et Seigneuries sous quelque pretexte que ce soit, sans la permission du Sieur de Touville et à peine de 10 livres d'amende contre les contrevenants, et de confiscation de leurs armes et canots au profit du dit Seigneur : et sera la presente Ordonnance lue, publiée et affichée en la manière accoutumée. Mandons, &c.

Fait à Québec, le 20 Mars, 1731.

(Signé)

HOQUART.

(Archives de la Province—Registre des Ordonnances, Folio 70 Recto.

the best shooting ground in the country, for snipe, woodcock, ducks, teal, and all the other beach birds of which Governor Boucher, the illustrious ancestor of the Boucher family, wrote in 1663 from his capital (Three Rivers) such glowing accounts to his friends at the court of Louis XIV. Some years back, a magnificent swan was shot on these swamps and presented to the Governor General, by D. McPherson, Esq., the proprietor of these Islands. Not only are Goose and Crane Islands a land of promise for the sportsman and the naturalist, they also have their wild legends of love and jealousy. I shall merely mention one instance.

More than a century back a French officer left old for New France, as it was then

By His Excellency, Guy Carleton, Captain General and Governor in Chief of the Province of Quebec, Brigadier General of His Majesty's armies, &c., &c., &c.

Taking into consideration the representations which have been made to us by the Sieur De Longueil, Seigneur of Crane and Goose Islands, Canoe and Ste. Marguerite Islands, and also Grosse Isle, that by his title, he has the exclusive right to shoot on these said Islands—that notwithstanding several persons both from the city and neighbouring parishes and even the inhabitants of these Islands, attempt to shoot there without leave, destroying the hay on the beaches—and catching the young ducks that they find there, thereby de-

called. This gentleman obtained the grant of a Fief or Seigniory, comprising a group of islands called the Ste. Marguerite Islands, to which he subsequently added the two Goose Islands and Crane Island originally granted to M. de Montmagny in 1646 : The extent of such a domain supposes rank and importance in the Seigneur, who

minishing their numbers considerably for the next hunting season, and also removing each year a quantity of thatching grass, also using as fire wood the timber on those islands, we hereby expressly forbid that any person either from Quebec, or from the neighboring seigneuries, and likewise—that any of the inhabitants of these Islands, under whatever pretence, do shoot on these Islands or any portion thereof without the express permission of the Sieur de Longueil, under pain of legal punishment. We also forbid them to remove the young ducks, to carry away the thatching grass, to destroy the meadow hay, or burn the timber on the said Islands without the leave of the said Sieur de Longueil, and the said Sieur de Longueil may have this ordonnance published in the neighboring parishes.

Done at Quebec, 28th July, 1769.
(Signed,) GUY CARLETON.
Reg I. Foi et Hoages,
Folio 226.

Modern legislation has rendered these ordinances unnecessary by including 'Beaches' within the provisions of the agriculture act.

chose for his manorial residence, one of the most picturesque, but also one of the most secluded islands of the group, and thereon built not a crenelated tower, not a baronial castle of the middle ages, but a plain, massive stone house,—a prison, as it proved subsequently, either for himself or for his son; tradition has failed to elucidate this point. There, for many a long year, far from the eyes of men, a solitary prisoner was immured. His keeper, perhaps his friend, his relative, for aught that can be stated to the contrary,—was a woman, a woman of rank and wealth. The prisoner, it was said, was insane. The question was often asked, “Was he born so, or if not, what produced or led to his insanity? Were there no Lunatic Asylums in France fit to receive him? The replies to these queries are likely to remain for ever amongst the unfathomed secrets of the past. Dark surmises were circulated. Who was this new *Masque de Fer*? Why was he immured between four massive walls, with no sweet sounds to beguile captivity’s lonely hours, save the voice of the pitiless north easterly storm or the monotonous murmur of the waves on the granite rock wherein he was entombed, in a living grave? The name of the fair occupant of the Manor was Madame or Mademoiselle de Granville. The prisoner was

His patent runs thus:—To the Sieur de Granville.

her brother : sisterly love made her his jailor :
—she said so.

Years rolled on : the poor captive died, and
“ Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of Empire might have
swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.”

The Manorial residence of the Seigneurs was removed to the neighboring Island, where it has for half a century and more, been in the possession of the McPherson family. McPherson's

“ Louis de Buade, &c.

“ Jean Bochart, &c.

“ On the petition presented to us by the Sieur de Granville, Lieutenant of a company of the detachment of Marines of New France, where he is married and settled, praying that we would grant him a new title for a tract of land, situate near Goose Island and Crane Islands, called the Ste. Marguerite Islands, together with three small islands on the south side thereof, and the beaches adjacent to the said Islands, which had already been granted to him about thirty two years ago by Mr. Talon, then intendant in this country, the title-deed of which is lost ;

“ We (“ 5th Nov.; 1698.”)

“ A Mr. de Granville (an officer in the Regiment of Carignan) had had a concession of Island du Portage in 1672”—it does not appear whether this is the same man or not

house and McPherson's shoal are equally well known to the mariner. The ruins of Madame DeGranville's grim old house were standing until recently. The legend is fresh in the memory of the oldest inhabitants of Goose Island; but on the spot where it stood, unfortunately for the lovers of legendary lore there has been erected a substantial modern structure. It required great efforts to disjoin the masonry of the old walls.

Who will rescue from oblivion this historical legend, ere it sinks in the shadow of the past, embodying its outlines in a brilliant narrative, throbbing with the pulse of life. Have we no Landors, no Martineaus, no Frederika Bremers, amongst us?

SPENCER GRANGE, near Quebec,

Dec., 1861.

THE COUNTRY SEATS ON THE SHORES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUND QUEBEC.

BY G. T. C.

Along those banks full oft has peal'd
The blow of tomahawk on shield,
As braves rushed on to fight,
And bow and blade and warwhoop fierce
Sent all their clamour dread to pierce
The stilly ear of night.

K. K. K.

The tourist descending the St. Lawrence is struck by the number of beautiful villas, which ever and anon, nestling under groves of evergreen, oak and maple, line the river heights from Cap Rouge, the western extremity of the promontory, (on the eastern end of which Champlain located in 1608, the impregnable capital of Canada) to Cape Diamond itself. Let any tourist on a bright July day, drive round Cap Rouge, passing out by St. John's Gate, following the St. Foy road, and returning by the Cap Rouge and Grande Allée, (St. Louis road,) and let him then say, whether Quebec has not a right to be proud of her rural scenery. These country seats, without possessing the extent of English noblemen's estates, are in many instances superior to them in point of



2.8
2.5
2.2
2.0
1.8

10
01

scenery : they comprise generally about one hundred acres, although some have as many as two hundred acres attached to them. In former days a grand military road skirted the river heights, on which they are located ; several actual remains of entrenchments and masonry testify to past strife and to the presence, in days of yore, of the White and the Red man, the former armed with the cross, and bent on an errand of peace and good fellowship, the latter tracking relentlessly his fellow man through forest wilds. It is said one of the first missionaries of Canada met with a most cruel death, at the hands of the Indians he was christianising, and that the scalping scene took place on the very spot where the Honorable Mr. Justice Caron's residence now stands.

The first place which attracts notice is Cap Rouge Cottage, built on the lofty promontory called Cap Rouge : between it and the St. Lawrence stands its picturesque little tower or pavilion, hanging like an eagle's eyre between the crags. Huge pines, venerable oaks, and shady winding avenues, diversify the landscape : at the foot of the hill on one side, to the south east, runs the noble St. Lawrence ; on the other side, to the south west, a serpentine stream, known as Cap Rouge River, which empties itself into the St. Lawrence. Some old residents of Quebec still retain pleasant memories of the archery parties held in former days, by the originator of the place on the sloping lawn of Cap Rouge Cottage—and many prefer the view obtained from its pavi-

lion even to the far famed scenery of Spencer Wood or of Woodfield.

It would be impossible to recall in these narrow limits the many charming summer retreats, which successful merchants and the wealthy of Quebec, have selected all along the river bank.

Kilmarnock, St. Alban's, Kilgraston, are old and valued homes. From Claremont, the villa of the Honorable Mr. Justice Caron, a splendid view of the river and opposite shore can be obtained. The house is a massive building, at present entirely hidden from view by a dense plantation, which separates it from the highway; it was erected by the learned Judge some twelve years back. Close by, is Abrincka, a commodious country seat with every modern improvement, which has been for several years the residence of Michael Stevenson, Esq. Beauvoir, the family residence of Henry Lemesurier, Esq., has also many admirers. In the vicinity is Cataraqui, the picturesque residence of Henry Burstall, Esq., a charming spot, wherein, far from city noises, city smoke and city dust, a private gentleman of the port wine and fox-hunting school might luxuriate in retirement, during the summer months. When Spencer Wood was destroyed by fire, Sir Edmund Head sought the grateful shades of Cataraqui; the untimely and deeply lamented loss of his eldest son had made seclusion desirable; still for the requirements of Vice-Royalty, it must rank immeasurably behind Spencer Wood, the favorite resort of the

(Earl of Elgin and also of Sir Edmund Head, in his happy days.

The eye next lights on Benmore, Colonel Rhodes's cosy and comfortable cottage, the *beau-ideal* of a gentleman-farmer's manor. Opposite is Bardfield, the Lord Bishop Mountain's country seat, agreeably located on a green slope. In noting down the many pretty spots which dot the shores of the St. Lawrence, one cannot omit Mount Hermon Cemetery : these grounds were laid out in 1849 by Major Douglas, of the United States Engineers, the designer of Greenwood Cemetery, near New York. Quebec feels a legitimate pride in this sylvan abode, dedicated by grateful friends, to the departed ; no sound can there interrupt the repose of the slumberers, save the murmur of winds in the dense forest over head, or the warblings of the winged choristers wafted to this peaceful abode by the genial breath of spring.

Unquestionably the most ornate and richly laid out estate round Quebec, is Woodfield, formerly the elegant mansion of the Honble. Wm. Sheppard, and for many years since the permanent residence of the Gibb family. Lovers of sweet flowers, fairy scenery, and trim hedges, can easily beguile several hours in exploring the broad acres of Woodfield, equal in extent to Spencer Wood itself.

SPENCER WOOD.

THE VICE-REGAL RESIDENCE AT QUEBEC.

Among the many lovely sites which dot

the banks of the broad St. Lawrence, one above all others, has for years back been an unceasing object of admiration to strangers, and a legitimate boast to all Quebec, one might say, to all Canada.

A glorious old manor, comprising at one time a couple of hundred acres, with its luxuriant and primitive growth of forest trees, its unrivalled river scenery, its spacious, sloping, verdant lawn, fit for a ducal residence, its fairy garden plots, its curious artificial devices of tropical plants, clustering under glass, amongst the green foliage of the orange, the fig, and the pine apple trees, bent down with golden fruit, its luscious sparkling grapes, its crystal fountains, whose sweet murmur blended with the rustling and sighing of the stately pines and secular oaks, under the influence of strong winds: its serpentine shady avenues: such was at one time Spencer Wood, for twenty-five years the elegant home of Henry Atkinson, Esq., (*Heu! quantum mutata!*) and afterwards of the Earl of Elgin, whose exquisite entertainments many can yet recall to memory. Spencer Wood is enclosed between two small streams, the *ruisseau* St. Denis and the *ruisseau* Belle Borne, its natural boundaries: these streams have considerably diminished since the time when they were used, 200 years ago, to propel two mills, then situate in the neighborhood and mentioned in old titles. It was formerly called Powel Place, after General Powel; it was subsequently named Spencer Wood, when the Spencer Percival family

owned it, and had been, after the conquest of the country, the residence of the Governors.*

These extensive grounds are beautifully diversified by hills and clumps of old oak and maple, and although from the important *reserve* of mostly the whole of the road or marketable front, when the rest was sold to Government in 1849, it can have but little value for small building lots, still for the specific objects to which nature seems to have intended it, it stands unequalled in Canada. It lies beautifully exposed to the morning sun, with a southerly aspect, in which direction it is bounded by perpendicular cliffs, at whose feet the noble river sweeps in majestic grandeur. There would be a great deal to say about the scenery of this spot: two of the most striking objects are two promontories or points of land, one to the east, the other to the southwest of the property. A pavilion stands on the southwest point: from it a most glorious panorama presents itself. It would however be hard to tell whether the view obtained from this point is not surpassed in magnificence by that which can be witnessed from the easterly point.

Spencer Wood is situate in the parish of

* "Contiguous to this property is the beautiful estate of the Hon. Mr. Perceval, called Spencer Wood, formerly known as Powel Place, and which used to be the country residence of the Governor General."—Bouchette's Geography of Canada, 1815.

Top.

St. Columba of Sillery, not very far from the ancient Jesuit mission at Sillery, close to Pointe à Puiseaux. It therefore possesses in addition to beautiful scenery, historical recollections, connected with some of the greatest events of the colony. Let us hear a grave historian and a keen admirer of nature on this subject."

"A chart of Quebec, by Champlain, exhibits, about a league above the youthful city, a point jutting out into the St. Lawrence, and which is covered with Indian wigwams. Later on, this Pointe received the name of Puiseaux, from the first owner of the Fief St. Michel, bounded by it to the southwest. On this very point at present stands the handsome St. Columba church, surrounded by a village." *

"Opposite to it is the Lauzon shore, with its river *Bruyante* † (the "Etchemin") its shipyards, its numerous shipping, the terminus of the Richmond Railway, the villages and churches of Notre Dame de Levi, St. Jean Chrysostome and Saint Romuald. To your right and to your left, the St. Lawrence is visible for some twelve or fifteen miles, covered with inward and outward bound ships. Towards the east, the landscape is closed by Cap Tourment, twelve leagues distant, and by the cultivated heights of the *Petite Montagne* of St. Fereol,

* Notes on the environs of Quebec, 1855.

† From the noise it makes before easterly gales.

exhibiting in succession, the coast of Beaupré (Beauport, L'Ange Gardien, &c.) the green slopes of the Island of Orleans, Cape Diamond crowned with its citadel and having at its feet a forest of masts, Abraham's Plains, the Coves and their humming, busy noises, St. Michael coves forming a graceful curve from Wolfe's cove to Pointe à Puisseaux. Within this area thrilling events once took place, and round these diverse objects, historical souvenirs cluster, recalling some of the most important occurrences in North America : the contest of two powerful nations for the sovereignty of the New World ; an important episode of the revolution which gave birth to the adjoining Republic. Such were some of the events of which these localities were the theatre. Each square inch of land in fact, was measured by the footsteps of some of the most remarkable men in the history of America : Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Laval, Phipps, d'Iberville, Wolfe, Montcalm, Arnold, Montgomery, have each of them at sometime or other trod over some part of this expanse.

" Close by, in St. Michael's Cove, Mr. De Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance passed their first Canadian winter, with the colonists intended to found Montreal. Turn your eyes towards the west, and although the panorama is less extensive, still it awakens some glorious memories. At Cap Rouge, Jacques Cartier established his quarters, close to the river edge, the second winter he spent in Canada

and was succeeded in that spot by Roberval, at the head of his ephemeral colony. Near the entrance of the Chaudière River, stood the tents of the Abnoquiois, the Etchemins and the Souriquois Indians, when they came from the shores of New England to smoke the *calumet* of peace with their brethren, the French : the River Chaudière in those days was the highway which connected their country with Canada. Closer to Pointe à Puisseaux, is Sillery cove, where the Jesuit Fathers were wont to assemble and establish the Algonquin and Montagnais Indians, who were desirous of becoming christians. It was from that spot that the neophytes used to carry the faith to the depths of the forests : it was here that those early apostles of christianity congregated before starting with the joyous message, for the country of the Hurons, for the shores of the Mississippi or for the frozen regions of Hudson's Bay. From thence went Father P. Druiletes the bearer of the words of peace, on behalf of the christians of Sillery, to the Abnoquiois, of Kennebeki and to the puritans of Boston. Near this same mission of Sillery, Father Liegeois was massacred by the Iroquois, whilst Father Poncet was carried away a captive by these barbarous tribes.

" Monsieur de Sillery devoted large sums to erect the necessary edifices for the mission, such as a chapelle, a missionary residence, an hospital, a fort, houses for the new converts, together with the habitations for the French. The D'Auteuil family had their country seat

on the hill, back of Pointe à Puiseaux ; and the venerable Madame de Monceau, the mother-in-law of the Attorney General Ruette D'Auteuil, was in the habit of residing there from time to time in a house she had constructed near the " Chapelle."

It would be indeed a pleasant and easy task to recall all the remarkable events which occurred in this neighborhood. One thing is certain : the cool retreats studding the shores of the St. Lawrence were equally sought for by the wealthy in those days as they have been since by all those who wish to breathe pure air and enjoy the scenery.

In March, 1860, a large portion of the Vice-regal residence was destroyed by fire :* Although the most expensive portion is still standing, such as the out-houses, stables, kitchens, graperies, and a large wing, occupied by the Provincial Aide-de-Camp, still the part destroyed has not yet been restored, although the amount received for insurance thereon, would suffice to rebuild, if not a permanent residence, at any rate a delightful summer retreat, for the future Viceroy of the Confederate British Provinces For who will believe, until he sees it, that

*Since these lines were written the Telegraph has brought us the news of the destruction by fire of the Governor General's residence in Toronto,—so that at the present moment the Eastern and Western Capital are equally badly off for gubernatorial residences.

in the present disturbed state of North America, when England is strengthening her hold on this colony, in view of the grave complications which are arising, when in fact the din of arms and booming of cannon is heard in the distance; who will believe that deserting the only fortress, she possesses, she will locate the seat of her power, the public archives the Great Seal of the Province, in a remote spot, inaccessible to her fleets and within reach of that grasping giant, whose "manifest destiny" according to Secretary Seward, it is to overrun the whole of the continent, resting with one arm on the Atlantic and with the other on the Pacific. If imperial interference alone has stayed the works, in the new Capital; if the intercolonial railroad, now a necessity for the maintenance of British dominion on this side of the Atlantic is soon to be the cementing link between the future confederated British Provinces, who ever can bring himself to believe that the forest city is to be the political centre of the new combination? Without wishing to question the wisdom of the Imperial award formerly arrived at on this point, a decision given in times of profound peace and on a very different state of things from the present, one may naturally infer that the agitation which reigns around us will cause the English Government to reflect, and devise on the seat of Government and on every other political question, a policy suited to the times. We are still, it is true, at peace with our neighbors, but there is a smell of gunpowder in the

very air we breathe. Should the Gibraltar of Canada be again put to the test, may she be found fore-warned and prepared in the hour of trial. This may seem a digression from the subject, but it is not so, for should the brave old city hallowed by so many historical and glorious souvenirs, continue to be the Seat of Government and stronghold of British power in the coming Confederation, one may naturally indulge the hope that to the lovely spot, which has just been described, to Spencer Wood, vice-regal honors will be restored with all their splendour.

Next comes Spencer Grange, the smaller half of Spencer Wood, now owned by J. M. LeMoine, Esq., advocate. Without possessing the grandeur of scenery, the extensive river views of Spencer Wood, it must always as a woodland scene rank very high. Its spacious graperies, fruit gardens and lawns, convey to the English eye an idea of quiet English comfort. On an eminence, opposite Spencer Wood, stands Thornhill; it was formerly and still is the property of the Honble Frs. Hincks, ex Premier of Canada, and now Governor of British Guiana. Adjacent to it is Wolfe's Field, the family hall of Wm. Price, Esq., the "king of the Saguenay" as he is styled on account of the numerous milling establishments he owns in that district. Next to Wolfe's Field is Marchmont, on which the wealthy proprietor John Gilmour, Esq., exhibits to all Canada, what a model farm should really be. Conservatories, parks, pleasure

grounds, in fact all the appliances of modern luxury are therein, combined with husbandry carried to its highest stage of perfection.

Several other country seats ought to be noted for the information of the tourist, such as Bellevue, a charming old seat owned by John Gibb, Esq., a worthy rival of the owner of Marchmont in agricultural pursuits. Belmont, formerly the seat of Sir Henry Caldwell, and since acquired for a Roman Catholic Cemetery, which is most appropriately and tastefully laid out. Glenalla, a picturesque cottage on the Beauport heights, with extensive and beautifully laid out grounds. The proprietor has collected in this spot, every kind of luxury and curiosity, procured in his travels to Palestine, Egypt, &c. Mummies 3000 years old, decorate his museum. Dr. Douglas also rejoices in a harvest of wheat, the seed of which came out of a mummy's head 3000 years old and more.

ALL ABOUT FISHING.

Are you a fisherman ? Having anticipated an affirmative reply, we will suppose you want to know WHERE, WHEN, and HOW to go a fishing.

Quebec is the best starting place for an expedition to any waters northeast of Megantic county, and east of the district of Montreal. Thence you may get with ease and despatch to the inland rivers and lakes, and to the tidal waters of the St. Lawrence and its sparkling tributaries. It is especially the starting point for parties in quest of salmon or sea-trout. Montreal would be the right place from which to journey for angling, either among the Eastern Townships, the St. Lawrence islands, into Lake Champlain and Lake George, and the Ottawa country, or through the lake-studded region which will be seen upon the map lying north and northwest from the island city.

The where to go, depends somewhat upon time and taste. Presuming the former to be not absolutely cramped, and the latter to be decidedly for game fishes, you should ignore the thought of smaller fry and tackle at once foe-fish worthy of the angler's steel.

Without affecting to despise as plebian sport the pursuit of all other fishes beside the aristocratic family of salmonidæ we must

frankly consent to leave the enquirer to chance sources of information anent the sturdy bass (green, black and striped sea or bar-fish); the greedy pike and skulking masqueallongé, the mottled pickerel and yellow perch, the shiny-sided shad, the prickled sun-fish,—and all the other suburban subjects in the aquatic communities of fishdom. Suffice it to say, that in many of our rivers and in most of our inland lakes, nearly every variety of these fishes may be captured by means of live or artificial baits. Provided with a strong line, sound reel, stiffish trolling rod, and a stout gaff, with live minnows or gutta-percha imitations, or with burnished spoons, the troller may start out in certain hope of being able to fulfil a parting promise to his friends of presenting them with products of his lucky craft. All are gamey subjects, and give capital sport. When caught too, they repay capture by their firm and sweet-flavored flesh. Except, however, in the smaller lakes and interior waters where they abound, the range of these different species is so extensive, and their haunts are so numerous and scattered, it would occupy too much space to enumerate and describe the most suitable places.

There are many good fishing grounds for the lake trout and brook trout (*salmo ferox* and *salmo fontinalis*) in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, such as Lake St. Joseph, famous also for black bass, Lake of Seven Islands and the neighbouring Frog Lake, Perth Lake, Dog Lake, and Red Trout Lake (all within a few

miles of Lake St. Joseph) ; also Clear Lake and its neighbors, Mackenzie's Lake, Lake Jaune, Lake Sagamitty, Burns' Lake, Lake Bonnet, Lake St. Charles and Lake Beauport. Then there are the Montmorency, the Jacques Cartier, the St. Ann, the St. Charles, the Etchemin, and the Chaudiere Rivers, all near at hand ; and they yield fair trout-ing. Lakes Phillipe and St. Joachim, below the St. Ann's River, are well stocked. And the lakes around Murray Bay (a popular watering-place) are full of trout. While in that hump-backed region, too, the Murray River will suggest a trial after some of the fresh run salmon that now frequent its fast regenerating waters.—And on the South shore you may fairly revel in fresh pastures of trouty luxuriance by taking the rail cars to Somerset station, and driving a few miles into the interior and whipping such quiet places as Lake Joseph, Lake William, Trout Lake, British Lake, and the connecting streams up towards Black Lake. Lake Etchemin is more fished than the others, and is not so certain to give sport to the fly-fisher. If your fancy leads you in the opposite direction, take the cars towards River du Loup, and *en passant* visit the rivers and lakes which abound along that interesting coast. Else go on to Cacouna, where you'll find a host of the swelterers from town airing themselves within sniffing distance of salt air. The pleasant company there of happy fathers, rejuvenating mothers, rosy and health-hearted daughters, and demurely attendant sons, may arrest for awhile your pastimes

in another line. But should you be proof against angle-eyes (gallants spell it angel) and syren charms, somebody will be sure 'ere twelve hours shall have glided away to craze you with stories of the spotted trout that swarm at Lake St. Cimon, some thirty miles further east. The drive itself is a delightful one, the fishing plenty, the flies active, and the beds execrable. Take our advice and carry camp fixings, cooking utensils, and prog. Besmear your face with as much pork fat as you can spare, and keep the remainder to fry the fish withal.

Should your aspirations be after better fish, fewer flies, cleaner beds and cooler nights, go across to the Saguenay and angle for sea-trout. Anybody there can tell you when, where and how to fish. There is a hotel in course of building at the time of this present writing, and from the "Tadousac House" you may emerge at most convenient times either to fish in the Saguenay river or in the main St. Lawrence. Should the landing of twenty vigorous sea trout not seem in your eyes so great an achievement on the slaughter of two hundred lake trout, such taste can be likewise accommodated to your heart's content. Just in rear of Tadousac, and at the Bergeronnes, and on the opposite side of the Saguenay among the Canard Lakes, and at the Little Saguenay, St. John, Grand Bay and Chicoutimi, Kenogami and other lakes, the trout are only too plenty, very large and glad to be caught. Verily, you may at any of these places, catch

a boat load of them. But take our word for it, you'll come back again with remorseful longings and impatient relish to the incomparably finer, healthier, more scientific sport of luring tidal trouts. We say nothing about the salmon fishing of the Saguenay tributaries, because most all of the streams are now under lease, and to excite the desire of visitants is only to invite disappointment. The open rivers and the domain *par excellence* of salmon and white trout, find appropriate mention in another place.

Unlike European and Southern climates, the climate of Canada admits of no fly-fishing in the early spring or in winter months. The fishing season lasts from about the 1st of June to the end of September. It is seldom that the waters are warm enough and sufficiently low and settled after the snow-cold freshets to afford sport in May. The salmon time closes by law with the month of August. It must be considered at its height from the 10th of June to the end of July. Grilse run from ten to twenty days in August.

The nearest salmon fisheries now open to the public commence at the river Bersimis, eighty miles below Tadousac ; with the single exception of the Moisie, this stream breeds the largest salmon found along the coast. The scenery along the banks for something like forty miles is varied and inviting. The principal of its tributaries in which salmon fishing may be had, is about thirty miles from the mouth, on the left bank. Ascend this branch to the falls and there

occur pools in near succession within half a league of the fall.

From thirty five to forty miles further down the St. Lawrence is the Mistassinni River. It is not a large stream, and does not hold very heavy salmon; but they are tolerably fine fish, and the casts are clean and numerous. Then just below it is the Becscie, of much the same description as the preceding. This stream is sometimes called the Sheldrake. Either is correct.

Next in order and distant about fifteen miles is the famous Godbout. It is let, and the privilege of fishing its sparkling waters belongs to the lessees. The Trinity is sixteen miles further down; uncertain as a Salmon river, it always gives excellent trout fishing. The same may be said of its namesake ten miles to the eastward. And also of the Calumet, a league still further down. The Pentecost and Little Marguerite, bear about the same character. The larger Marguerite, about two thirds of the way between Calumet and Seven Islands Bay is better; Moisie River is next, twelve miles, but being leased 'tis useless to describe it. Trout river is seven miles below. The fishing in it is not very early; but throughout the months of July and August, the visitor will find middling sport.

Until you reach the Mingan none of the intervening rivers on this section of the coast can be relied upon. The St. John is large and crowded with fish, but is a sulky stream. From Trout River to Mingan is about ninety

four miles. Both in the Mingan and its branch the Manitou, salmon are always plenty, and rise well to the fly. The Romaine River is nine miles further down. 'Tis a dangerous place to fish; but the strength and size and playfulness of its salmon, almost tempt to defiance of its dangers.

There is a promising stream named Great Watscheeshoo fifty three miles below. In order to fish it to best advantage you should camp about two miles up, and fish the pools between camp and the head of an island that divides the channel just above the first rapid. Until you get to the Natashquan, forty four miles further, none of the other rivers are of sufficient consequence to repay a visit. They are small, and liable to be easily ruined by netting. The Natashquan is a splendid stream, full of fish ranging from 6 to 40 pounds. You must camp at the second falls, and need not leave that spot to better your chances, for there you may hook and kill salmon *usque ad nauseam*. Although few persons would be disposed to go any further in search of sport, there remain the Kegashka, Musquarro, Washeecootai, Olomanosheebo, Etamamu, Mecattina and Esquimaux rivers, within distances varying from twenty to one hundred miles below the Natashquan. These all are streams of considerable size, and would doubtless prove worthy of trial. The chances of finding salmon in the rivers of the Island of Anticosti are favorable. Trout certainly

are abundant. Salmon river is the nearest to the north coast; and Jupiter, Shallop and Otter rivers on the west and south parts of the island, can be reached either from Mingan or from Gaspé. The Gaspé rivers afford excellent sport for salmon and trout. Those emptying into the Bay of Chaleurs, such as the Matapedia, the two Cascapedias and the Bonaventure, are noble streams and enjoy a repute for first rate fishing. The only ones we know of on the southern coast below the Metis, are the Matanne, Ste. Anne, Mont Louis and Magdalen. Their qualities as regards fly fishing are, however, practically unknown. We would recommend you to place more reliance on the tried rivers by the Labrador coast.

About nearly all of the localities named above, sea trout can also be caught from June to September. In July and August they are in high condition, of extreme beauty, model symmetry, exquisite flavor, and extraordinarily strong and active. Throughout the young flood and all down the ebb tide, the fishing is best. Wherever there is a tide rip, and eddying currents curl the surface, they lie thickest and take with utmost avidity. From one and a half to three and a half pounds is the average weight. Captain Hardy says, in his admirably written letters to the London Field :—

“Sea-trout fishing, when the mid-summer or Strawberry run—so called from the season being indicated by the ripening of the wild strawberry—has commenced, is one of the

most enjoyable sports this country can offer ; and as we often fish in the rapid waters and pools of large rivers, it will be well to use strong tackle in the event of a tussle with a salmon.

" At this time it ascends almost all the rivers and streams of any note from Cape Sable to the Labrador ; but, like the salmon, the sea-trout is more abundant in the beautiful waters which are discharged into the Gulf of St. Lawrence ; there it ascends in vast numbers, and of a large size, affording the greatest sport."

The flies requisite for this sport are the scarlet-ibis wings with gold or silver twist for bodies, the march brown, the cowdung, the orange dun, the cinnamon fly, the fetid light brown, the red hackle, cock-a-bondhu, and bright red bodied fly with grey or with mallard wings dyed yellow. Small flies and the lightest possible tackle are best.

The foregoing directions are not designed to advertise Canadian fisheries, nor to praise steamboat or railway routes. They are intended solely to inform those who are in search of sporting pleasures. For this reason we have not specified modes of conveyance to any of the districts named. 'Twill be enough to say that in reaching any of those described as being on the south side of the St. Lawrence, or to reach the Saguenay, the established railway and steamboat routes are suitable. And in order to get to those upon the north coast, or at Anticosti, you must charter a schooner for

the voyage, unless lucky enough to find a chance conveyance by steam or sailer.

In most places down the coast the tourist will find it indispensable to camp. For such purpose he should be provided with a bell-tent, of light pattern, to be raised by a tripod. If he, however, prefer the ridge-pole tent, it will be found efficient and handy; its size would be regulated by the number of his party. A large tarpaulin to spread over the outside during heavy rains, is indispensable. A second tent made of cheaper material will answer for the men. A bark shelter is usually constructed for the cooking place. The tent may be ventilated by means of windows manufactured out of mosquito net. And the mention of the word mosquito reminds us that the campaigner must provide himself with some fly-oil. The druggists sell a mixture named Culexifuge, which is of service in defending you against the torments of flies. The surest way to guard your ankles is to wear leggins or Wellington boots, to be drawn over the trowser legs, and the wrists can be shielded by having wrists sewed on to your gloves, and pulled outside the coat cuff or the shirt sleeve.

These off-hand advices cannot be more fitly concluded than by suggesting such articles as should compose a general outfit.

Use a spliced rod for salmon. It ought to be from sixteen to eighteen feet long, pliant and well-balanced, with a flexible and not a heavy butt. Ash, with a lancewood and split

bamboo, whalebone, or tortoise shell tip, or of greenheart wood, will make a pleasant and serviceable rod. One of the latter can be had for \$6. Mount a click reel, with 100 or more yards of waterproofed line, rather lighter than generally is used, of plaited silk and hair. Stock your book with single gut casting lines, and a couple of double ones; and flies mostly of sober materials.

Samples of choice patterns are always in the hands of Forrest, of Kelso, Bernard, of London, Shields, of New York, and Shay, of Quebec, any of whom will dress you a variety of from 6 to 12 dozen. A telescope handle, covered with strong leather, will do duty as a gaff and seine handle. Provide yourself with a skiff, or (if accustomed to such skittish craft) with a birch bark canoe; with sculls, poles shod with iron sockets, and a graplin and rope for mooring above known or likely casts where the trees or rocks on shore, or the width of the stream, obstruct a clean cast. The conical shaped tent we have already suggested as being the handiest and most stow-awayable. Sack, tent, pegs and all can be made to weigh less than 24 pounds, and cost some \$20. For bedding you require but four blankets: a waterproof one in which the matras can be wrapped up and strapped round so as to be readily carried, and three others, one of which should be sewed up like a bag, so that you can crawl into it. An india rubber pillow is indispensable. Unless camping permanently, a bed made of *sapin* branches will answer;

but for a lengthy sojourn, a light beaudet or camp bedstead is desirable. Flannel shirts and drawers and thick socks, gloves with wristlets, woollen garments, wellington boots or beefskin "shinnys," are as necessary as they will be found comfortable. As stores, you need pilot-bread, flour, pork, lard, tongues, potatoes, beans and split-peas, hams, bacon, eggs (packed in salt), coarse and fine salt, corned beef, oatmeal and indian-meal mixed, and lard. Hardwood tinnets with lids and iron-hooped, will be found neatest for packing these things, as they can be afterwards used for pickling fish. Preserved meats and vegetables, soups, &c., to fancy. Pickles, chili vinegar, mustard, pepper (black and red), wax candles, soap (yellow and castile), rice, sauce, essence of coffee, ground coffee, chocolate, mixed tea, sugar, preserved milk, matches, baking powder, oil, axes, knives, pots, frying pans, tea kettle, tin tea and coffee pots, plates, spoons, knives and forks, cups, dishes, candlesticks, lantern, axes, hammer, nails, &c., &c. Beer, sherry, and whiskey for the men, and a little brandy for medicine, should satisfy your thirst after artificial beverages. The most portable and durable vehicles for carrying such sundries in are champagne-baskets covered with canvass, and strapped all round. so as to admit of being readily swung upon the shoulders and carried.

These are necessities, luxuries, etceteras, enumerated, not precisely in the order they are to be bought and used, but purposely so

confused that you may, in separating them, fix the various articles in mind and fill gaps by additions of your own.

There is a book edited by Sir James Alexander, under the title of "Salmon Fishing in Canada," which without entering into the minutiae of outfit, &c., contains many practical and useful hints, and is altogether the most readable and reliable work on the subject ever yet published. We refer the reader to it, conscious of its general interest and reliability.

It may be expected that we should say something about the probable cost of fishing excursions to different parts of Canada; but as tastes differ often quite as much as means and circumstances, it would be almost impossible to give a tariff of expenses. Certainly, there is nothing very formidable in the most extravagant estimate of needful outlay; and yet the advice of some experienced person, to whom the inquirer shall relate his ways and means, his expectations, &c., will enable him to gauge the cost of what he undertakes, to accommodate as well his views of sport as the length of his purse and the duration of his holiday.

THE ISLE OF ORLEANS.

On viewing the Harbour of Quebec from Durham Terrace, the south west end of this fertile and beautiful Island is seen dividing the waters of the Saint Lawrence, and forming one of the most attractive objects in the landscape. The Island is twenty miles long by an average breadth of five miles, divided into the five parishes of Saint Pierre, Ste. Famille, St. Laurent, St. Jean and St. François, and contains a population of nearly 6000 souls. Owing to its great fertility it was one of the first places cleared and settled by the French on their arrival in Canada. So abundant were the wild grapes that Cartier originally named it the "Isle of Bacchus" but afterwards changed it to the "Isle of Orleans," in honor of the Royal Family of France.

The *tour de l'Isle* or drive around the Island is one of the most charming and delightful trips that can possibly be conceived, the scenery being most attractive and varying at every bend of the road. On the South side is the main-channel of the St. Lawrence studded with ships and steamers, and having as a back-ground the pretty villages of Beaumont, Berthier and Montmagny. On the north side is the lesser channel of the river beyond which is seen Cap-Tourment rising to a height of 1092 feet, the villages of Ste. Anne's, Château

Richer and L'Ange-Gardien, the noble chain of Laurentian Mountains and though last not least the magnificent Falls of Montmorency rushing into the St. Lawrence over a precipice 250 feet in height. Turn which way you will the eye is met by a succession of lovely views which exceed in beauty and grandeur anything to be found on this Continent; nor does the stranger's interest cease here for the place is full of Historical Recollections which we have not space to allude to here but which have been embraced in a most interesting pamphlet published by N. H. Bowen, Esq., a Member of the Literary and Historical Society of this City, in 1860.

An excellent ferry-boat, the *Canadien* has just been placed on this route, and seems to give general satisfaction. Her hours are as follows; leaves the Island for town at 8 a.m., and 3½ p.m. The tourist by leaving the Champlain Market wharf at 11½ a.m., can drive that same afternoon as far as St. Jean or St. François on the south side of the Island, completing the journey next day in time to catch the 3½ p.m. boat for town: this is the most comfortable way of performing the journey, but it can be done all in one day. The steamer makes an early extra trip on market days, and a late trip on Saturday evenings, so that by leaving town at 6 a.m. on a Saturday one would drive round the Island, (about 42 miles in all), stopping at St. François or Ste. Famille to dine, and reaching the ferry in time for evening boat at 6 p.m. Good caleches

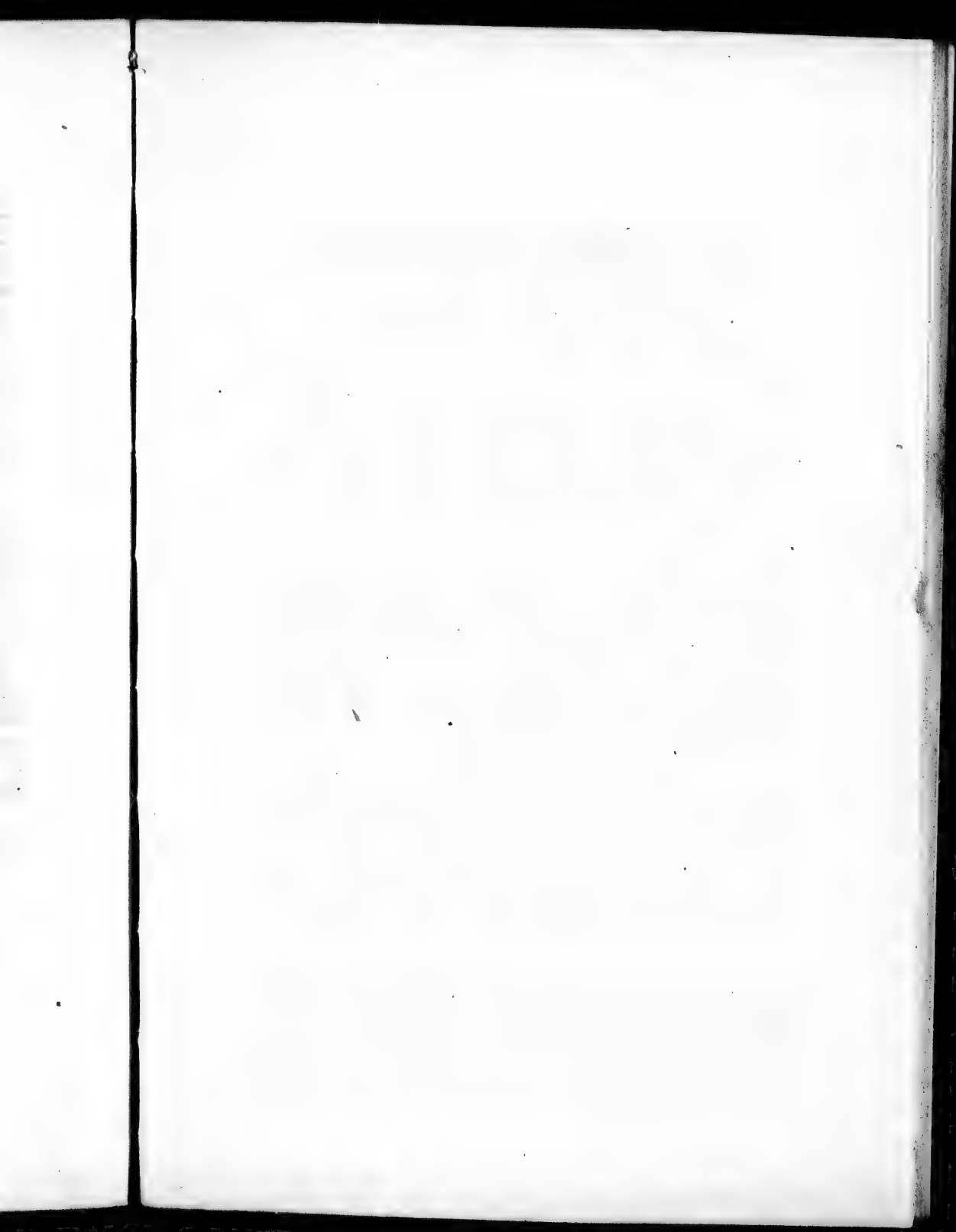
can be procured on application to Louis Trudel near the ferry landing, and Messrs. Roy & Lizotte who keep the Ferry Inn, are always ready to furnish travellers with a clean and comfortable repast : but a large party had better bring their vehicles from town, and in case of passing the night at one of the lower Parishes will remember that eggs, cream and butter are all the provisions they can hope to obtain in their country quarters, and that everything else must be brought with them.

An excellent rifle-range has been recently established on the Island where the troops in garrison are instructed in firing and judging distances : the men seem to like camping there immensely during the warm summer months and the camp forms of itself an object of much interest.

Several pretty country seats have been erected of late years near its south west head, and we think the Island bids fair to become in a few years the most fashionable as it has long been the most beautiful and healthy summer residence in the vicinity of Quebec.

Take our advice and make the *tour de l'Isle* : you will never forget, never regret it.

June, 1862.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

L'HOIST RESTAURANT,

11, *St. John Street, Upper Town, Quebec.*

Meals at all hours. Every delicacy of the Season on hand to order. Oysters, Soups, &c. Dinners, Parties and Pic-Nics attended.

C. & A. SMEATON,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Opposite Russell's Hotel, Palace Street, Quebec.

HENCHEY'S HOTEL, 21 St. Ann Street, Quebec, situated in the most healthy and central locality, near the English Cathedral.

MRS. DEXTER'S HOTEL,

Foot of Fabrique & St. John Streets,
Upper Town, Quebec.

This long established and favorite house is in the heart of the business portion of the city.

ADAM WATTERS,

Head of Palace St., Upper Town, Quebec,
(Two doors from Russell's Hotel.)

THE LARGEST GROCERY STORE in the City, where every article in the line may be had of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Pic Nics and Travelling parties can obtain every delicacy and comfort on demand.

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

SHEDIAC AND ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

On and after 12th May,
Trains between St. John and Shediac
will leave as follows :

ST. JOHN,	SHEDIAC.
8 A. M.	8 A. M.
2 P. M.	2.30 P. M.
5.30 P. M.	

The first two Trains from St. John run through ; the third to Sussex only, except on Tuesdays, when the 2 o'clock Train will run to Sussex, and the 5.30 Train run through, to connect with the steamers from Boston, and the STEAMERS "ARABIAN" and "LADY HEAD" at Shediac. The MORNING TRAIN from St. John and the Afternoon Train from Shediac are EXPRESS TRAINS for Passengers and Mails. All the other Trains will carry Passengers and Freight.

The Morning Train from Sussex to St. John leaves at 6.45 A. M.

R. JARDINE,
Chairman.

Railway Commissioners' Office, }
St. John, 1st May, 1862. }

THE COURT OF DIRECTORS
OF THE
NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA
LAND COMPANY.

HAVE resolved, until further notice, to
SELL LANDS situated on Lines of
Road within the Tract belonging to the Com-
pany, in Lots of 100 to 300 Acres each, suited
to the convenience of purchasers, at FIVE
SHILLINGS CURRENCY PER ACRE, dividing
the Purchase Money into instalments SPREAD
OVER SIX YEARS, as follows, viz :—

Deposit on signing agreement to purchase,
one shilling per acre.

Second year, no instalment required.

Third year.....1s. per acre.

Fourth year.....1s. do.

Fifth year.....1s. do.

Sixth year.....1s. do.

without addition of interest, if instalments be
regularly paid.

Several Farms having Houses, Barns, and
Out Buildings erected thereon, also for sale,
on very reasonable terms, varying from £60 to
£300 according to the quality of the Soil, the
value and condition of the Buildings, &c. &c.

REFERENCE—J. V. Thurgar, Esq., the Com-
pany's AGENT IN SAINT JOHN.

J. BECKWITH,
Chief Commissioner

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land }
Office, Fredericton. }

RUSSELL'S HOTELS, QUEBEC.

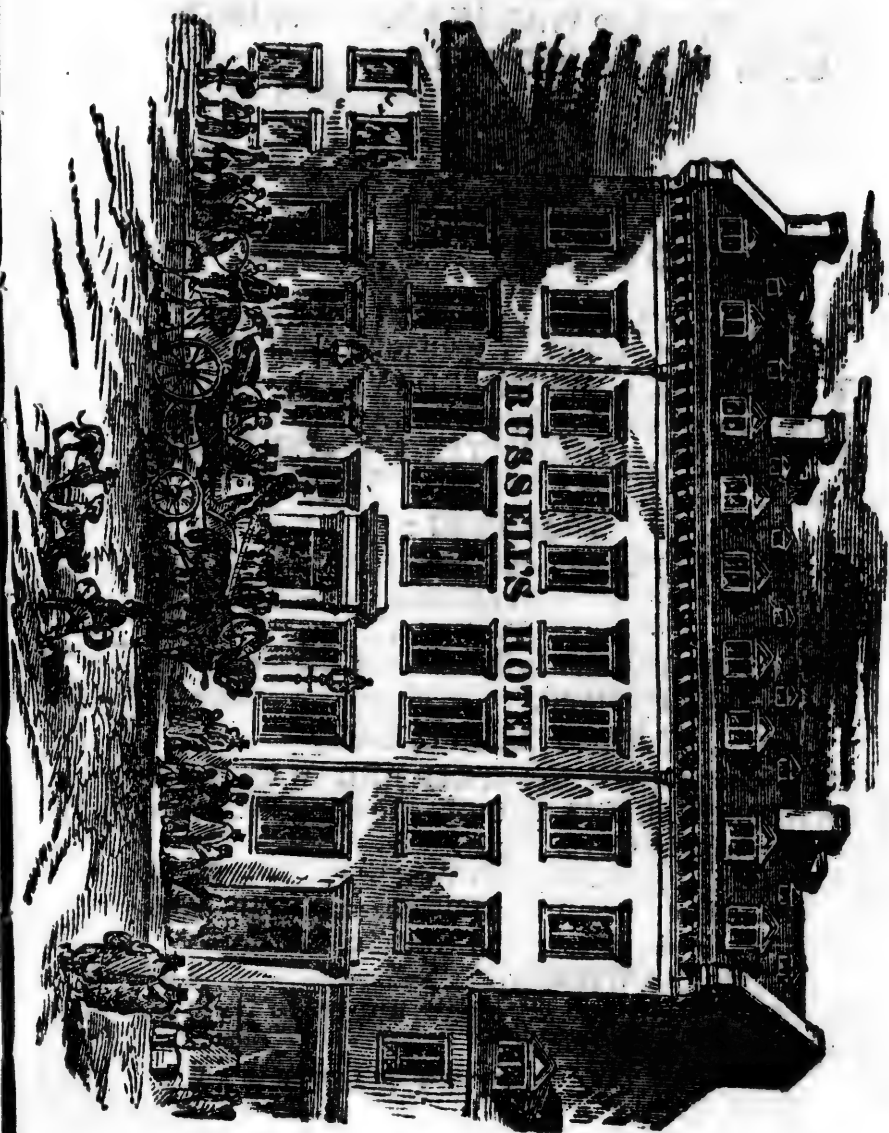
MESSRS. W. RUSSELL & SON, in addition to their well known Establishment in Palace Street, have leased the ST. LOUIS, (formerly Clarendon) HOTEL, in St. Louis STREET, which having been thoroughly repaired, painted, and put in complete order, is now open for the reception of guests and boarders.

THE ACCOMMODATION OFFERED IN BOTH HOUSES combined with the confidence which the Proprietors flatter themselves they have gained during their long experience in the business, render it unnecessary to say more than that THEY INTEND TO KEEP BOTH HOTELS,

in every respect First Class,

And worthy of a continuance of the extensive and highly appreciated patronage they have hitherto enjoyed.





**PASSAGE from ST. JOHN to PORT-
LAND, and to HALIFAX via WIND-
SOR, NOVA SCOTIA.**



REDUCED FARE.

THE superior sea going STEAMER "RE-
LIEF" WILL LEAVE Reed's Point
Wharf, St. John, WEDNESDAY, 28th inst., at
EIGHT o'clock A. M., FOR EASTPORT and
PORTLAND, CONNECTING WITH RAIL-
ROAD for BOSTON and MONTREAL.

FARE :

First Cabin Passage to Eastport.	- -	\$1,00
" " Portland,	- -	3,00
Second " Portland,	- -	2,50
First Class Passage to Boston via Railroad from Portland,		5,00

THE RELIEF

Will also make ONE TRIP PER WEEK TO
WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, leaving St. John
every Monday Evening.

First Cabin Passage to Windsor, - - - \$2,50

Second " to Windsor, 2, - - - 2,00

First Cabin Passage to Halifax, via Rail
way to Windsor, - - - 3.50

For Freight and Passage apply to L. C. L.
PERKINS, North Wharf.

EDEN HATHEWAY.

MONTREAL OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Carrying the Canadian & United States Mails.

THIS COMPANY'S LINE is composed of the following First Class Steamships:—

NORWEGIAN, 2500 tons.....	Capt. McMaster.
HIBERNIAN, 2500 tons.....	" Grange.
BOHEMIAN, 2200 tons.....	" Ballantine.
NOVA SCOTIAN, 2200 tons..	" Borland.
ANGLO SAXON, 1800 tons...	" Graham.
NORTH AMERICAN, 1800 tons	" Burgess.
JURA, 2300 tons.....	" Aiton.
(NEW SHIP).....	_____

Sailing from LIVERPOOL via LONDON-DERRY every THURSDAY, throughout the year, for and from QUEBEC during summer months, and from PORTLAND in Winter every SATURDAY.

Rates of Passage from Quebec or Portland:

CABIN.	STEERAGE.
To Glasgow...\$66 a 80	To Glasgow.\$30.00
To London-	To London-
derry..... \$66 a 80	derry.\$30.00
To Liverpool..\$66 a 80	To Liverpool.\$30.00

Return Tickets at Reduced Rates.

An experienced Surgeon on each vessel.

For further particulars apply to

ALLAN, BROS. & CO., LIVERPOOL,
EDMONSTONE, ALLAN & CO., MONTREAL,
ALLANS, RAE & CO. Agents Quebec.

MONTREAL OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

DIRECT STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH GLASGOW.

S S ST. ANDREW, 1500 tons... Capt. Dutton.
 S S ST. GEORGE, 1500 tons.... " Wylie.
 S S DAMASCUS, 1500 tons..... " Brown.

The above vessels will sail at regular intervals for and from Quebec during season of navigation.

Cabin Passage to Glasgow....	\$60.
Intermediate do	\$40.
Steerage do	\$25.

Return Tickets granted at reduced rates.

Further particulars apply to

JAS. & A. ALLAN, Glasgow.

EDMONSTONE ALLAN & CO. Montreal.

ALLANS, RAE & CO., Agents, Quebec.

OTTAWA HOTEL,

SAULT-AU-MATELOT STREET.

(Second Street from the Steamboat Wharves,)

QUEBEC.

The House having been enlarged, repaired, painted throughout, and newly furnished, will be found equal to any in the City.

DONALD NOONAN, Proprietor.

May 22, 1862.

ANY.

TION

utton.
ylie.
own.

r in-
on of

s.

w.
al.
ec.

ves,)

ired,
will

or.